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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Author of "Letters from the Mountains," &c. Edited by her Son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

PERSONS not in the secret of reviewing, though they sometimes have the hardihood to guess and assert that reviewers do not read all the works upon which they offer their opinions, may not be aware of the precise art of Dipping Criticism occasionally practised, and almost unavoidable in certain cases where very hurried judgment must be pronounced. We are not going to defend this method entirely; but we would go the length of asserting, that it is often sufficient, and more than sufficient, for every just and rational purpose. Not so in many other instances, where careful perusal and excogitation are indispensable, and where dipping would be extremely unfair and hazardous. As a sample of this, we may suppose a dip upon words, the same as into pages or passages, and that we discovered *est*, or *o th*, and immediately determined that the words to which these letters belonged were east and south, and so expounded to the world their character and meaning. But, behold, if we had conned them with due examination, we should have discovered, that so far from being integral parts of east and south, they were in reality letters appertaining to the directly opposite points of the compass, namely, *west* and *north*!! With this verbose and verbal illustration, we come to our confession, that we have only had time to read the first of these volumes, and dip into the other two. Yet do we think that we are in a position to give a correct and candid account of the whole to the public.

It is a most agreeable *mélange* of literary and personal anecdote, collected by a lady of strong sense, acute observation, and sound principles. Her intercourse with many of the great ornaments of the present century, her remarks on books and authors, her individual trials in life, and reflections upon them,—all furnish matter of a very interesting kind; and we have no hesitation in ranking these volumes as among the most pleasant, and, at the same time, morally instructive, productions which have issued from the press in our day.

A portion of an unfinished autobiographical sketch happily introduces the venerable old lady, whose portrait faces it, to us in her younger days. She was a precociously clever Scotch girl; and she plainly tells us so, without circumlocution. She was born in 1755, and died in 1838. In her early years she spent some time in America, and was ever much attached to her recollections of that country. In 1779 she married Mr. Grant, a military chaplain, with whom she became acquainted through her father's being also in the army; and settled with him in the ministry of the Highland parish of Laggan. He was an amiable and accomplished person, but of consumptive constitution and delicate health; and died in 1801, leaving his widow, with eight children out of eleven living and looking up to her for support and provision. It was a trying prospect; but she placed a firm reliance upon that Providence which protects

the widow and the fatherless; and her hopes were not disappointed, though the fatal disease the family inherited from their other parent afterwards cut them off in the bloom of their existence, to the deep affliction of their affectionate mother. Upon these occasions her letters are of a superior order, and full of wisdom, resignation, and piety.

Friends came forward to comfort her when she lost her husband; and a volume of her poems was published, to which there were three thousand subscribers. The following is the list of her works:—

1. A volume of Original Poems, with some translations from the Gaelic. Published in 1803.
2. Letters from the Mountains, being a selection from the author's correspondence with her intimate friends, from 1773 to 1804. Published in 1806.
3. Memoirs of an American Lady. Published in 1808.
4. Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, with translations from the Gaelic. Published in 1811.
5. Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen: a Poem. Published in 1814.

Mrs. Grant's two most prominent correspondents were, Mrs. Smith, of Jordan Hill, near Glasgow; and Mrs. James Brown, of that city, to whom she wrote all her thoughts with unlimited confidence. From Laggan she removed to Woodend, near Edinburgh; and finally settled in the Scottish capital, where she enjoyed the best society of that intellectual place. Her later principal correspondents were, Mrs. Hook, the wife of the dean; Mr. Hatsell, of the House of Commons; Sir John Legard, and others, to whom she frankly communicated her sentiments on all occasions.

From the Letters, which extend from 1803 to 1838, and may truly be considered as a continuation of the former popular series of *Letters from the Mountains*, we trust we shall be best considering the nature of our Journal, and the taste of its readers, if we select a kind of *cento* of the matters more particularly connected with literature and its cultivators, without taking the trouble of always marking the parties to whom the author communicated them. We begin with Burns, of whom Mrs. G. says (1803),—

"I don't know whether to pity or admire Burns most. Why were such people made? Was it only to elate us by seeing how bright our nature can rise, that we may be the more effectually humbled by seeing how low it may sink? He was indeed

'A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd;
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!'

Those fatal winters in Edinburgh! that more fatal delusion of leaning for happiness on the bosom of the gay and fortunate, because they make us the companions of their pleasures. But, alas! though ready to rejoice with us if we possess talents to heighten their festive hours, when the day of affliction comes, we are either left to pine neglected, or perhaps have our sorrows embittered by the sneer of wanton insult. Ask me of his genius! I have not power to do justice to its vigour, extent, and versatility. His poetry shews him in one walk of superior excellence; but his correspondence shews him to be equal to any thing. 'Tis nauseous to hear people say, what he would

have been if he had got a more thorough education. If he had, he would not have been Burns; he would not have been that daring, original, and unfettered genius, whose 'wood-notes wild' silence the whole chorus of modern tame correctness, as one of our mountain black-birds would a number of canaries. He did know his own strength, as such a superior intelligence necessarily must; but then he knew his own weakness, though that knowledge did not answer the purpose of self-defence. Oh that he had but learnt that difficult lesson, which I have, from experimental knowledge of its efficacy, endeavoured to impress most forcibly upon my children,—that there is no high attainment, moral or religious, no excellence, no felicity, to be acquired, without the habitual practice of self-command and self-denial. But this theme is endless. Yet one word more. How different are his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, where his heart truly opens, from his effusions to his gay companions;—that scorn of the world and its vain pursuits; that sublime melancholy; that aspiration—though struggling through doubts and darkness—after what the world does not afford; that acute sensibility, that manly sincerity, and every thing that characterises genius and exalts humanity. But I am wandering into a rhapsody of words unworthy alike of the subject and of my unutterable ideas."

These opinions may be compared with our review of the Letters recently published (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1402); and we rejoice to find ourselves fortified by so able a contemporary of the immortal ploughman.

Malcolm Laing is the next figure on our canvass, Mrs. Grant being a warm Ossianite.

"That unmerciful conjuror, Malcolm Laing, seems determined to lay the ghosts of all our tuneful ancestors in the Red Sea, or rather, in the black and bitter sea of that ink which he has poured out so profusely,

'To blot
All forms and records of antiquity.'

Do you think the children of enthusiasm will ever forgive such an exorcism, or be easily reconciled to any of their number who desert to the enemy's camp, or furnish arms? Malcolm Laing will be a very proper successor to Buonaparte, for I know of none so well entitled to rule in the region of the self-sufficient."

Of her native land, as well as of its ancient bards and modern honours, Mrs. G. was an enthusiastic lover; and also a warm Tory, before that political creed fell into conservatism.

"Are you not (she writes in 1805) charmed with the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'?"

'O Caledonia! rude and wild,
Fit nurse for a poetic child;
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can ever break the filial band
That binds me to thy rugged strand!"

Read this on your knees, and wo be to you if ever you apostatise from your love and duty to the land of cakes, which is indeed the land of social life and social love, and lies in a happy medium between the dissipated gaiety and improvident thoughtlessness of the Irish and the cold and close attention to petty comforts and conveniences which absorbs the English mind,

and damps the soul of kindness and generosity when it deranges any of their little arrangements to see or serve their friends. Yet they excel us in many things: they have less pride, less vanity, less affectation, less of that art which is the child of an unhappy match between vanity and necessity. But then, knowledge and sentiment are more widely diffused among us, and we have more self-denial, that noble aid and buttress to virtue. They have more of the materials for happiness bestowed on them; but we manage our small stock better: we love better, and our affections take a wider grasp."

Of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Mr. Jeffrey and others connected with it, as well as other *literati*, the following extracts speak; and we present them as very agreeable chit-chat of an interesting character:—

Nov. 1806, to Mr. Hatsell. "You are not singular in the surprise you express at the silence of the '*Edinburgh Review*' with regard to the letters. You will be more surprised when I tell you I am in some measure personally acquainted with Mr. Jeffrey, the conductor of that publication, and that what further he knows of me is through the most favourable medium—some friends of mine, who are also his intimates, and who are partial to my writings in consequence of long-endured attachment to the author. My daughter, too, was the favoured friend of his late beloved and very deserving wife; so that I am convinced it is no personal ill-will that makes this arch-critic so silent. But there are, among the *Edinburgh literati*, two parties—the philosophers, who are also wits, and the enthusiasts, who are also loyalists; not in the lukewarm form of the late converts, but with such a sentiment as that to which your virtuous Falkland and our great Montrose fell victims. To this latter party my friends more particularly belong. The philosophers, whom we consider as disguised republicans, value themselves on their prejudice against prejudices, and on general incredulity. We, again, believe all that our fathers believed; may more, we believe in the existence of the fair-haired Fingal and the sweet voice of Cona. Now this enrages the Sophs beyond measure; their literary pride is all in arms at the very idea that gentle manners or generous sentiments should precede the existence of the sciences, and cannot conceive how a man should have either valour or compassion without learning it at school. On the same principle they treat female genius and female productions with unqualified scorn, never mentioning any thing of the kind but with a sneer. Of late they have clubbed their whole stock of talent to prove that no such person as Fingal ever existed; that our Celtic ancestors were little better than so many northern orang-outangs; that we should never think of or mention our ancestors, unless to triumph in our superiority over them; that the highlands should be instantly turned into a great sheep-walk, and that the sooner its inhabitants leave it, the better for themselves and the community. Judge what favour I, an illiterate female, loyalist and highlander, am to find at such a tribunal! I admire Jeffrey's abilities; and with his criticism on Marмонтel's '*Memoirs*,' and the other on Anacreon Moore's poems, I am unspeakably delighted. But then he has so committed himself by his severity towards Mrs. Hunter, Miss Baillie, and my friend James Grahame, the amiable writer of '*The Sabbath*,' and been so reproached by their friends, that he has lately declared he will never more criticise his particular acquaintance. I, for my

part, am yet to learn whether he spares the rod out of kindness or contempt; but I shall soon know. Walter Scott, the charming minstrel of the border, is lately enlisted in the critical corps: such a loyalist as he, appears among them like Abdiel among the fallen angels."

At later periods, when she had become on intimate or visiting terms with Mr. Jeffrey, she writes (June 1810): "I continue to like Edinburgh very well; nothing can exceed the kindness we meet with from all manner of people: but the number of our acquaintance—with many of whom there is a prudential necessity for keeping terms—now becomes rather inconvenient. Do you know, notwithstanding my wrath for his manifold literary offences, I think I shall be forced to like the arch-critic himself. He is, what indeed I knew before, the most affectionate relation possible, and truly god-natured in society, though so petulant on paper. He sometimes calls on me; and, being in the same circle, I meet him wherever I go. He has a brother lately come from America, a widower, like himself; and they reside together. The two brothers have lately removed to a new house in George's Street: I was asked, with Mary, to the first dinner they gave there;—it was by no means a literary, or what Mrs. A. would call an intellectual one; all was ease and good-humour, without discussions or debates of any kind; indeed, the party were rather friends and relations than *savans*. I might except, perhaps, a little discussion on the '*Lady of the Lake*,' for which I augur a very favourable review. I hope you are all as much pleased with it as we are. There are some sturdy critics here, however, who deny Walter Scott the merit of being a poet at all, and call all that delights us jingle and jargon. The public at large is an excellent judge of poetic merit; some very fine things, indeed, are too much refined for its great wide ear: but when it is much and long pleased, there must be excellence; and all that remains for the critic is to trace that pleasure to its source, and discriminate the lights and shades that needs must exist in whatever is human."

October, to Miss C. M. Fanshawe. "I was charmed with your remarks on the '*Lady of the Lake*,' which, in small compass, comprehend more characteristic touches than all the many I have seen. I told Mr. Jeffrey of your critique, and he begged me to read it to him, that he might 'steal some hints,' as he expressed it. I rallied him on his humility, and thought no more of it; he came, however, afterwards, and renewed his request. While I was reading it, I saw by the sparkle of his eyes how much he was pleased and surprised. He expressed much wonder, not only at the criticism, but at not having met with you, and solicited an introduction when he should go to London: I thought you might have some curiosity to gratify in seeing this formidable scourge of literature; and I was the readier to grant his request, as I rather wondered at his making it. He is in many respects very unlike what you would imagine him; not the least ambitious of new or distinguished acquaintances, nor by any means fond of large parties or the show and bustle of life. I know no one of more domestic habits, nor any one to whom all the charities of home and kindred seem more endeared. If the world were not full of inconsistency, I would say it was almost impossible to reconcile the asperity of his criticisms with the general kindness of his disposition. I do not promise that you will, on meeting, find him greatly calculated to please in conversation; the fertility of his mind, the ra-

pidity of his expression, and the fire of his countenance, altogether give an air of ungraceful impetuosity to his conversation. This, while it overpowers the feeble by its strength, and, as it were, tires the eye by the quick succession of its coruscations, is nevertheless brilliant, vigorous, and profound. He is lavish of thought, and gives a guinea where a sixpence might do as well; but then he has no change, and pays all in gold."

And again,—September, 1811, to Mrs. Hook. "I must now tell you how the arch-critic, Mr. Jeffrey, and I have behaved to each other. For some time past I met him at parties, and I thought he looked odd and avoided me. Something I knew there was, but was not in the least aware that it was a criticism, having been told formerly that he resolved to let me alone. I was, however, obliged to have, what I much dislike, a small party in summer, on account of some strangers whose friends had strong claims on my attention. I boldly sent a note to the critic, saying that if he had renounced me, he should at once tell me so like a brave man as he was; if not, to come on Wednesday evening, and meet some people whom I knew he did like. He answered that, so far from renouncing, he had thought of me more than any body else for some days past; and if a little packet he was about to send me to-morrow did not make me retract my invitation, he should gladly wait on me. I got, next day, the threatened packet, now before the public. Here follows the accompanying note, as far as I recollect it. 'When I review the works of my friends, if I can depend on their magnanimity as much as I think I can on yours, I let them know what I say of them before they are led out to execution. When I take up my reviewing pen, I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think.' I returned the criticism, without any other comment than that I was so well satisfied of his doing justice to my subject that I was less concerned at anything he might say of myself, &c. Very soon after, he came to me, asking introductions to my Highland friends, intending, as he said, to make a pilgrimage on foot, with two other gentlemen, to Loch-Laggan and past my former residence. This I scarcely believed that he would accomplish. I gave him the letters, however; and, to my astonishment, he actually did make his way through the wilds of Inverness-shire, and, by the parallel roads of Glenroy, to a region before untrod by critic or by tourist, even the beautiful, woody, and secluded banks of Loch-Laggan. He came back perfectly delighted. I expected that, from the mere habit of carping, he would have criticised the mountains unmercifully."

"I ask you if you read the *Edinburgh Review*; but this question points to a relative conclusion. You cannot more dislike the metaphysics and politics of this publication than I do: party brings together very heterogeneous matter, and there are papers in that journal which nothing but the spirit of party would have made Jeffrey tolerate: the belles lettres are his peculiar province, and there indeed he is unequalled; and it is gratifying to observe the high tone of morality sustained through all these criticisms. Wherever the subject gives an opening to the display of his opinions, he speaks with contemptuous censure of all pretension and exhibition,—of all the tinsel that passes current in the world for happiness under the form of heartless fashionable intercourse, such as made up the brilliant society of France, once so much admired and emulated. Every thing that he writes on manners tends to exalt

the reign of the domestic affections, and quiet home-born felicities of life, above all that dazzles and captivates the children of this world, distinctively so termed. I wish these precious little essays were separated from the mass, and bound up together."

Her publishing dealings with Messrs. Longman and Co. are so honourable to that house, that common justice demands their notice, when we are aware of so many complaints, and some of them just ones too, being made by authors against publishers.*

Dec. 1806: To Mr. Hatsell.—"I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 2d, and the further satisfaction of finding that you can be interested in my petty concerns, even during the little time you allot to your more quiet enjoyments, as well as during your active engagements. If gratitude were payment, you should be as liberally dealt with as I have been by my booksellers. Further I cannot proceed without disburdening my mind of the wonder and admiration which the liberality of these most generous booksellers has excited. Know, then, dear sir, that last week Longman and Company sent me their account stated, in which they have allowed me a handsome sum, out of their own half of the profits, as a free gift." And again, in October 1807: "Longman, who is doubtless the prince of booksellers, has written me a letter expressed with such delicacy and liberality, as is enough to do honour to all Paternoster Row: he tells me that the profits of the second edition of the Letters amount to 400*l.*; of this they keep a hundred to answer for bad debts and uncalculated expenses, and against the beginning of next year I get the other three. How differently have my betters been treated, and how painfully must I feel my own insignificance when I compare their rewards with mine! He urges me for the errata, saying, and possibly thinking, the third edition will be out in a month. Meantime I buy stock, calculate and wonder at my own wealth, to which, however, you may believe the sad occurrences of this summer did not add."

Another act of liberality, and from another quarter, deserves record:—"Extract from Mr. George Chalmers's letter to Mrs. Grant.—'London, 31st March, 1807. I have now the great pleasure to enclose you a post-bill for 300*l.*, the sincere tribute of three gentlemen to your virtues and your talents, and to the useful application of both to the best interests of society. You have gained this tribute from the opulence and feelings of Mr. Angerstein, Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Bonar, three merchants of London, who have the sea for their dominions, and for their thrones their ships.'"

Here, in 1808, is a singularly prophetic remark on the trial of General Dalmple:—"I pity people in power very much for the difficult part they have to act in this instance. To give up to popular fury a person who acted to the best of his judgment, must be painful; and to seem to shelter any thing like a defect in courage or conduct at this crisis, must be dangerous. A vigorous and comprehensive mind, qualified to 'ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm,' without being ridden himself and directed in his motions by distant ministers, seems wanting; and even if such a destroying angel should be found, it will not avail, if other angels of destruction are daily to supersede him

and each other. *Great abilities are called forth by great exigencies; and if this glorious struggle in Spain is to succeed, some Marlborough or Peterborough will arise to direct the thunderbolt to its destined aim.*"

And so arose Wellington, the victor in a hundred fights!!

The letters to Mrs. Hook often allude to our late lamented companion, her brother-in-law, Theodore; and we copy a few of her remarks on his gay and desultory youth, which may be read with advantage by many an ardent mind.

"Talking of genius leads me naturally to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that Theodore for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake as well as yours: I do in my heart love genius in all its forms, and even in its exuberance and eccentricity. You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. The uncultured flowers, and even the early fruit of premature intellect, form an admirable decoration for a dessert; but wo to him who would expect to feast on them daily and only. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than Sheridan? and who would choose to live his life, and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place; for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised, individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be 'of those that live by cramo clink,' as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the Muses, who, without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health, and their spirits, and their means, ebb together. Raise, then, your voice of truth and affection, and out-sing all the syrens that, on the coast of idleness, strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him, independent of all that flatters or pleases, for himself; and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration."—(1810): "Among other glad tidings you send me, I am highly pleased with Theodore Hook's intention of entering the Temple. He is not too old for it, and has certainly sense enough to know, and spirit enough to feel, how precarious and disreputable it would be to spend one's whole life in a manner which, however it might amuse the butterfly spirit of youth, made so little provision of any kind for riper years. It would be mortifying to see one that has so many better things than wit and gaiety about him shuffled into the mob of people whose amusive talents make them first applauded and next endured, when people see that is all they have. I think that the fate of Monk Lewis may serve as a warning to wits by profession. Spirits will not always flow; and Pope has finely described the 'many miserable nights of those who must needs affect them when they have them not.' Half the ingenuity that Theodore wastes to amuse people who are not worth his pains, would make him eminent in a pro-

fession. I always think of him with much kindness, and rejoice not a little to hear of his being likely to cast anchor."

Among Mrs. Grant's friends was the eccentric Duchess of Gordon. Edinburgh, February, 1809. "I called on the Duchess of Gordon yesterday, she and I having a joint interest in an orphan family in the Highlands, which creates a kind of business between us; she had a prodigious levee, and insisted on my sitting to see them out, that we might afterwards have our private discussion. Among other characters at her levee, I saw Lord Lauderdale, who made me start to see him almost a lean slippered pantaloon, who, the last time I saw him, was a fair-haired youth at Glasgow College; he was really like a 'memento mori' to me; had I much to leave, I would have gone home and made my will directly. More gratified I was to see Sir Brooke Boothby, though he, too, looked so feeble and so dismal, that one would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope, which you have certainly seen. Being engaged to dinner, I could stay no longer; the duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out: in England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same; but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said she had a great many things to tell me, and as I was to set out this morning, I must come that evening, when she would be alone. At nine I went, and found Walter Scott, whom I had never before met in society, though we had exchanged distant civilities—Lady Keith—Johnson's Queeney—and an English lady, witty and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. No people could be more easy and pleasant, without the visible ambition of shining, yet animated, and seeming to feel at home with each other. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising and common-place indeed; yet though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, various, easy, and animated, without the least of the petulance with which the faculty, as they call themselves, are not unjustly reproached. Lady Keith and Mr. Scott said all that was civil, and offered to call on me; but I return to Stirling to-day, in spite of all these seductions, and I have risen by daylight to finish this letter, which, after all, I fear you can scarcely read. I have taken my sober glass of Edinburgh: this much exhilarates, more would intoxicate."

Of Mrs. Charlotte Smith.—"I have received the copy you had the kindness to send me of poor Charlotte Smith's 'Poems,' which are easy and flowing, and to which her peculiar situation gives that interest which want of force and originality would otherwise deny them. There is a correctness, however, in the language, thought, and sentiment, which makes them very suitable and not unimproving reading for very young people, who ought not to grow fastidious too early, and whom, I think, we generally feast by far too soon on the delicacies of literature. From these they would certainly derive a more exalted pleasure, if their minds were permitted to unfold more gradually, and simple and cheap pleasure were afforded to their uninvited though uncultivated taste, at the age when mere existence is pleasure, and the new risen light of life throws its tender and cheering beams on all surrounding objects."

Of Miss Edgeworth.—"I am not certain that

* This is a very ancient grudge, as we gather from the following not very polite note in a MS. of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, in the British Museum: "A gentleman us'd to say of booksellers, that they were like lice, broode of the sweat of a mannes braine, and upon that they lyve."

after all I shall remove to England. Mary is now there, receiving much kindness, and making many preparations. She is, however, by no means sanguine, and rather alarmed at the great expense of living and of house-rent. She is calmer, more cautious and timid than I am; I therefore trust more to her than I would to myself. I am much flattered, indeed, by Miss Edgeworth's approbation, and the more as I am deeply conscious of the slovenly haste and defective arrangement which disgrace the work in question. I have long been an admirer of the varied excellences of her writings. The inimitable 'Castle Rackrent' I consider as one of the very first productions of genius in the language, in its own way. I only lament that others are not as well qualified as I am to judge of the faithful drawing and vivid colouring of that admirable work. To do this, one must have lived in Ireland, or the West Highlands, which contain much rack-rent; but one must not have lived always there, as in that case the force of these odd characters would be lost in their familiarity. 'Belinda,' too, though unequal and in some places absurd, contains more finely drawn and well-sustained characters, more conversational wit, more salutary lessons against the abuse of wealth and talents, conveyed with equal facility and vivacity, and a more faithful delineation of modern manners, than any book of the kind that I know."

Of Mr. T. Campbell.—"I admire and delight in Campbell; and pictures of quiet rural life, animated by the softer affections and gentler virtues, are my solace,—the very balm that calms and soothes me. Yet, comparing the extracts of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' given in the 'Edinburgh Review,' with the lavish eulogium that accompanies them, I cannot help thinking of our mother Eve's speech on a certain critical occasion:

'Serpent, thy over-praising leaves in doubt
The virtue of the fruit.'

Not that I don't admire good-natured criticism; but the redundancy of it in that region of wholesome bitters surprised me."

Of Mrs. Montagu, &c.—"I must tell you that we have read Mrs. Montagu's letters. Mary thinks them extremely amusing; I, too, am amused; but there is a visible hardness in her character,—such a total absence of the amiable romance of early life, and such an ungraceful harshness on some occasions, and petulance on others. I cannot conceive how she has made such very desirable things as good principle, sound sense, brilliant wit, and much intelligence, and early usage of the world, so little pleasing; there is every thing to admire, but nothing gentle, graceful, or attractive. I greatly dislike her style. Female wit has generally a kind of gay elegance that makes its manner recommend its matter: there must be something wanting when it pleases me so little, who am so delighted with every thing of that nature. I cannot say how much Mrs. Carter's kind of humour amuses me; and Gray's letters charm me beyond measure: his wit is of such a grave, odd kind, it takes one by surprise. I have not seen Dr. Clarke's 'Travels in Russia,' except in the 'Review;' 'tis too costly a pleasure for me. I think, however, that there is something unamiable in the rancorous censure of the whole Russian people: it is certainly too general. Yet I always suspected the splendour and refinement we hear so much of in the Russian court of being mere varnish, concealing much grossness and ferocity. There are so many intermediate stages of improvement in morals and in manners, that people ought to go through before they reach extreme

refinement; and it does not appear to me when or how these previous steps have been taken by this people. I rather think French tinsel and the outrageous sentiment of Germany have been awkwardly blended, in many instances, with their original manners."

Of Miss Seward.—"I am pleased that you not only found much amusement in reading Miss Seward's letters, but have candour enough to own you did, for it is the fashion to rail at her as vain and absurd. Her bad taste and self-opinion are too obvious to escape detection from any person that can think or see; yet, though these prominent faults make her less estimable as a woman, and less admirable as a writer, I am not sure that they detract much from the entertainment we derive from her letters. Her literary vanity, in particular, appears naked and not ashamed, with a most amusing *naïveté*. The singular artlessness of so artificial a character gives the idea of something unique and anomalous that we know not how to define, nor exactly whether to admire or despise. Talent and sincerity, however disguised, must have their attractions; and Miss Seward had both in no common degree. She furnishes arms against herself, by her open avowal of so many feelings and opinions, that others would carefully conceal. She wants art, but, on the other hand, she totally wants delicacy, and even that refinement of mind which is almost the necessary consequence of high cultivation. Witness the gross flattery which she gladly received and liberally bestowed. Perhaps it is wrong to call it flattery: her adulators, who, for the most part, were male and female coxcombs of the first magnitude, very probably thought all they said. Her coarseness and her laxity in religious principle she inherited, I fear, from her clerical father and housewifely mother: this was nursed in a card-playing provincial town, where she was the one-eyed queen of the blind, having no superior to look up to, and her mind exasperated by all the underworkings of petty envy and malignity. Her intimacy with Darwin, however innocent, was fatal to her in different respects: his false brilliancy aggravated her false taste, and to the tottering fabric of her religious principle he gave the final blow. I believe that the friendship between her and Saville was as pure as that betwixt you and me: every person of sense and candour that ever knew them thought so; and the strain of their letters proves it incontestably. Saville was a man in the highest degree virtuous, pious, simple, and sincere; their friendship was inherited and begun with her father. Having now spoken so freely of Miss Seward's faults, let me do justice to her merits also. She was respectable for her honour and integrity, and the length and strength of her attachments. Could there be a better daughter, a warmer friend, or one that had more home-feelings and home-enjoyments? Her criticisms and descriptions, over-adorned as they are, still convey to the mind, in the most lively manner, one of the first charms of human existence—an enlarged capacity of enjoyment, and a keen and exalted relish for all that is capable of delighting in external nature, or the wider world of intellect. Powers of enjoyment so buoyant and so active communicate their impulse to slower faculties, and, for the moment, invigorate and exalt them."

Of Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. (May 1827).—"I would now say something of books, but fear that I have left little room for the purpose. I hope you admire Mrs. Hemans as much as I do. I have much to say of her, but no time to say it just now. L. E. L. has too little variety

for me; every thing is so impassioned: I wish she would mix a little sage with her myrtle garland.* If you wish to know a great deal about Italy, read a most pleasing and authentic work, 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century.' You will scarcely believe it to be the production of a lady; but it is written by a Scotch lass, Miss Waldie, who lived on bonny Tweedside."

Many more literary characters are introduced and commented upon; but we must not pirate the whole, interesting as they are; so conclude with three quotations, each deserving of being viewed as excellent examples of the work and its author.

George IV. and Bishop Porteus.—"Jan. 1811: My time is at present very much occupied, but I shall avail myself of a short interval of leisure to tell you what I am sure you will be interested in hearing—the particulars of the final interview between the Prince of Wales and the late Bishop of London, which have lately been communicated to me from a source which appears to me quite authentic. Among other good people with whom my informant is intimate is Mr. Owen, minister of Fulham, who was in a manner the bishop's parish clergyman, and long his chaplain. Mr. Owen gave my friend an account of this interview, as the bishop gave it to him two days before his death. It seems his royal highness had sent out a summons for a great military review, which was to take place on a Sunday. The bishop had been confined, and did not hope nor, I suppose, wish ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House, and waited on the prince, who received him very graciously. He said, 'I am come, sir, urged by my regard to you, to your father, and to this great nation, who are anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time; new prospects open to me; the favour of human beings, or their displeasure, is as nothing to me now. I am come to warn your royal highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the Author of all power has hallowed, and set apart for himself.' He went on in pathetic terms to represent the awful responsibility to which the prince exposed himself, and how much benefit or injury might result to the immortal souls of millions by his consulting or neglecting the revealed will of the King of kings; and, after much tender and awful exhortation, concluded with saying, 'You see how your father, greatly your inferior in talent and capacity, has been a blessing to all around him and to the nation at large, because he made it the study and business of his life to exert all his abilities for the good of his people, to study and do the will of God, and to give an example to the world of a life regulated by the precepts of Christian morality: he has been an object of respect and veneration to the whole world for so doing. If he has done much, you, with your excellent abilities and pleasing and popular manners, may do much more. It is impossible for you to remain stationary at this awful crisis: you must rise to true glory and renown, and lead millions in the same path by the power of your example, or sink to sudden and perpetual ruin, aggravated by the great numbers whom your fall will draw with you to the same destruction. And now, were I able to rise, or were any one here who would assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your royal highness.' The prince upon

* Miss Landon, who was then in her teens, or little more, and Mrs. Grant above 70. *Voilà la différence.*—Ed. L. G.

this burst into tears and fell on his knees before the bishop, who bestowed upon him, with folded hands, his dying benediction: the prince then, in the most gracious and affecting manner, assisted him himself to go down, and put him into his carriage. The bishop went home, never came out again, and died the fifth day after. On hearing of his death the prince shut himself up, and was heard by his attendants to sob as under deep affliction. I think I have now given you a brief but faithful account of this transaction as I heard it."

The familiar: a sketch of Edinburgh Society and Scotch Economy.—"I have this morning the muddiest head you can suppose, having had a party of friends with me on the last two evenings. To understand the cause of all this hospitality, you must know that, being a very methodical and economical family, every word of ours, as we express it in our rustic Highland dialect, has a calf; that is to say, when we have a party, which in Edinburgh includes a cold collation, we are obliged to provide *quantum sufficit* for our guests, who, being of a description more given to good talking than good eating, are content to admire and be admired, and have little time to attend to vulgar gratifications; of consequence, the more material food, after contributing, like the guests, to embellish the entertainment, remains little diminished. As our wide acquaintance includes the greatest variety of people imaginable, there are among them a number of good, kind people, that dress finely, laugh heartily, and sing merrily, and have, in some instances, genealogy besides; yet on these good people the lions and lionesses of literature would think their roaring very ill-bestowed. These, however, make a greater noise in their own way; and before their superior prowess the substantial soon vanish: they are in every sense less fastidious, happier because less wise, and more benevolent because less witty. An assemblage of these contented beings, who can amply appreciate the value of a custard, a jelly, or a jest on its second appearance, are convenient successors to the refined pretenders to originality, who prefer what is new to what is true, and would not for the world be caught eating blanc-mange while Mr. Jeffrey and Dr. Thomas Brown are brandishing wit and philosophy in each other's faces with electric speed and brilliance. These good fat people, who sing and eat like canary-birds, come with alacrity the day after, and esteem themselves too happy to be admitted so soon to consume mere mortal aliment in the very apartment where the delicacies of intellect were so lately shared among superior intelligences. I am sure I am writing great nonsense with this muddy head of mine; but I am so amused with the extravagant admiration bestowed here on this kind of reputation, that I would willingly share with you the amusement it affords me. Yet I do not augur well of this reign of wit; it has not the heavy oppressive vulgarity that attends the dominion of mere wealth, nor the empty and supercilious haughtiness of mere birth; yet the result of its preponderance may be more fatal in the end than either, unless restrained by certain bounds which it has no small vanity in overleaping. These reflections have come upon me with double force from a perusal of that flippant old literary coxcomb, Horace Walpole, whom I never admired, but now heartily despise."

On Methodism.—"Southey—who, I think, writes the article in the 'Quarterly Review' about the Methodists—is not far wrong. They do a great deal of good, as he allows; but both the good and evil peculiar to their tenets are

more obvious in England than here: indeed, their tenets are radically good;—'tis their cheerless gloom, their spiritual pride, and their sectarian bigotry that are bad. If their clergy love pleasure less than others, they certainly love power more, and organise their modes of preserving it with as much diligence as ever the Jesuits did. Yet the Jesuits did much good among the subdued and wretched savages in Paraguay; and the Methodists do a great deal of good among the ignorant and profligate populace in England. For such converts their austere discipline is best suited; they drive them as far as possible from their wonted haunts, lest the evil spirit should regain possession of the herd, and urge them down the precipice. They do not shew the extremes of their extravagance to us in Scotland: our people are too enlightened to bear it. They answer many good purposes:—'to goad the prelate lumbering in his stall,' and to shew all other teachers of religion how necessary it is to move the human mind by its two great hinges—hope and fear; the said mind being very little affected by moral essays."

Three Chapters of Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries. Edited, from Originals in the British Museum, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c. &c. 4to, pp. 304. Camden Society.

THE judicious and indefatigable labours of Mr. Wright have in this volume exhumed another mass of striking and singularly characteristic information, upon an event which changed the face of England, and has consequently employed upon its facts, and in discussing them, the pens of hundreds of preceding authors. Their works, tinted by religious opinion or historic bias, have made us so well acquainted with the period, that we were not prepared to find so much of novel illustration in any modern performance as Mr. Wright has produced. The traits which he has elicited, bearing upon very interesting points connected with this great national change, will, we think, be felt to be of so much public consequence, that it will be regretted they are communicated in a form not universally accessible. The Camden Society, however, is a numerous one, and therefore a very general diffusion may be attained; which will, no doubt, be extended by many literary reviews and quotations. For our part, we can barely afford an idea of some salient circumstances; and, not to occupy our limits more than we can help, begin with a letter indicating the commencement of the Reformation. The accuser of Latimer, finding that what he had done was unpalatable at court, turns about and excuses him:—

"John Hylsey to Cromwell.

"Master chawnseller, I commend me unto you as hartly as I may thynke, trustynge yn Gode that you be (the which Jesu contynewe) yn good prosperyte. Yt is nott owr off your mastershyppys remembrance, that yn the Lent I dyd wrete unto you off the grete dyvysyon that was (ye and yett ys) amonge the peple yn the towne of Bristoll, off the whyche I wrote unto yowe that hytt came by the prechyng of owne Mr. Latymar, a man nott unknowne. I wrote to you alsoe that he spake off pylgremages, worshyppynge off seyntes, worshyppynge off ymages, off purgatory, etc. yn the whyche he dyd vehemently perswade towarde the contrary, that the peple were nott a lytle offendyd. I wrote alsoe that some men thowht necessary to preache agens hym, the whyche I supposyd

nott best, except that he sholde be put to sylence, for fere off fardyr dyvysyon (the whyche by this cause ys nowe happenyd yn dede); and some thowht hyt metur to have hym before hys ordynarye to be examynde, and see the trewth to be known; and yn thys thynges I desyryd you to do that you thowht metyst to reforme your peryshynge flock, to whome I wrote as to the shepparde off the sayd flocke. Nowe upon thys my byll men hathe craffily usyd them selfe, ye and crafft was usyd to me or thys byll camme frome me, but that makyth the nott nowe, the lettre ys off myne owne hande as thys ys, and nowe seynge that men hathe fownde the way to convey hytt to you otherways then they ynformyd me that they wolde, I cannott denye mye hande, nother wyll nott; wherfore puttyng asyde all thynges that sholde seme to excuse myn acte, thes war the occasyon of my letter; fyrst the fame that I harde of thys man, master Latymar, before that I knewe hym, the whyche same deceyvd nott only me butt other as well lernyd as I; seconde was the vehemnt persawdyng agens the abuse off the thynges, as ys above wretyn, wythe more, as off massys, off scale cell, pardons, the fyre off hell, the state off the sowlys yn purgatory, off faythe wytheout good wurkes, off ower lady to be a synnar or noe synnar, etc. The whyche I and syche other dyd suppose that he dyd preache to the yntent to confownde thes thynges; wherapon bothe the wurshyppfull men, master Doctor Powell, master D. Goodryche, master Heberdynne, master pryour off Seynt Jams, and I, dyd preache agens, approvyng purgatory, pylgremages, the wurshyppynge off seyntes and ymages, alsoe approvyng that feyth wytheout good wurkes ys but deade, and that ower lady beyng full of grace ys and was wytheowtte the spott of synne. But when we had dunne, I reken we laboryd but yn vayne, and browht the peple yn greter dyvysyon then they war, as they doe hytherto contynewe. I beseeke God to helpe hytt, for ower kryngne owne agens another ys nott frutfull, nother takythe onny effecte; for sens I have comunyd wythe master Latymar, and I have harde hym preache, and have yntyle hys sermon sentens for sentens, and I have perceyvd that hys mynd ys myche more agens the abusynge off thynges then agens the thyng hytt selfe. More, the thyrd thyng that causyd me to wrete unto you was thys dyvysyon that remanythe and yncrease the yett amonge us, the whyche wyll nott (by thys way that we have begone) be ceasyd. Therefore hytt lythe yn you to devyse some other way, as God and your goode counsell shall ynforme you. Yn my judgement, by that that I knowe off master Latymar's mynde nowe, yf he myght have your lycens, he wolde opyn hys mynde yn thys matters that the peple sholde be content, and thys woolle plesse the counsell off the towne well, for apone thys they be agreyde, and hopythe apone your good helpe yn hytt. And yf I may wythe my lytle understondynge furder thys matter, to bryng hytt unto an untyte, as God ys my juggle, I wyll doe my dylygens, and yf he (*quod absit*) sholde hereafter sey onny thyng that sholde sowne other wyse then the catholycall determynation off the chyrche, ther wybe inowhe that wybe redy to note hyt wythe more dylygens then hytherto. The forth was my coscyens, thowhe hytt ware for the tym erronyows, and deceyvd for lacke off takynge hede dylygently, to marke and knowe the abuse off a thyng frome the thyng. Thy fythe cause I shall reserve secretly to my selfe, lest that I sholde seme to put other men yn gylty off my factes, that I doe nott yntent,

Gode wyllynge, whoe have you yn hys pro-
teccion. Wretyn yn Brystoll, 2^a Maii,

"By me, Frere JOHN HYLSEY,
"Doctor and pryor off the Freers Prechers ther."

The Maid of Kent—our English monkish
parallel to the Maid of Orleans—is fully por-
trayed in the following:—

"Letter to Secretary Cromwell.

"Sir, may it please you to be advertysed that
accordyng to your comaundement I have put
the arikylls of the communycacion betwene
me and Mr. Ryche in wrytyng, and, as he
sayth yow have them in wrytyng before, ever
as I hard thynges wurthy to be notyd upon
the margent of my bok in the Doche and
Frenshe tong, to thentent he shuld not under-
stond my purpose, I dyd writ them. Yet dyd
I not beleve sutch taleys (which he cawlyth
revelacions), for I have lernyd the gospell,
Attende a falsis prophetis. Yf I had remem-
bered another comaundement as well as I dyd
that, *Non concipies rem proximi tui*, with the
saying of Catho cum bonis ambula, I should not
have fallyn into this mysery. I have in re-
membraunce xxx. or xxxj. of these taylles
which ar not possible to be set forth in wryt-
ynges, that there intent shuld be known, and I
suppose that xx. sheytes of papor wyl not
wryte them at lenth in order. Wherefore I
have written the name of the story whereupon
it dothe treate, so that then (yf it be as he
sayth) the hole story wulbe in your remem-
braunce. Fyrst, of an angell that appered and
bad the nun go unto the kyng, that infydell
prynce of Ingland, and say that I comaund
hym to amend his lyve, and that he leve ij.
thynges which he lovth and purposyth upon,
that is that he tak none of the popis right nor
patrymony from hym, the second that he dis-
troye all these new folkes of opynyon and the
workes of there new lernyng, the thyrde that
yf he maryed and tok An to wyffe the ven-
gaunce of God shuld plage hym, and (as she
sayth) she shewyd this unto the kyng, etc. 2.
Item, after this ii. or iij. moneths the angell
apperyd and bad hur go ayen unto the kyng,
and say that synce hur last beyng with his
grace, that he hath more hyghlyer stodyed to
bryng his purpose to passe, and that she saw
in spyryt the kyng, the quene, and the yerle of
Wylshere standyng in a gardeyn together, and
that the dyd devyze how to bryng the matter
to passe, and by no meanys it wuld not be, but
at the last a lyttell devyll stode besydes the
quene, and put in hur mynd to say thus, 'Yow
shall send my father unto themprowe, and let
hym shew the emprowre your mynd and con-
science, and gye hym these manny thowsand
docates to have his good wyll, and thus it wulbe
brought to passe.' Go and fere not to shew
the kyng this taylle and prevy tokyn, and byd
hym take his owlyd wyff ayen, or elles, etc.
It is so nowgthy a mattur that my hand shakyth
to write it, and some thynges better unwritten
then writen. 3. Item, that when the kynges
hyghtnesse was over at Callys, she saw the
oyste takyn from the preyst with the blyssid
blud, and that angelles brought it hur for to
receave, saying, etc. ij. sheytes wull scant write
this story. 4. Item, that she was charged to
go unto the cardenal when he was most in his
prosperyte, and shew hym of iij. swordes that
he had in his hand, one of the spyrytuallty, an-
other of the temperality, and the othe of the
kynges marryage; a long mattur. The bysshop
of Cant. and Bokynng to be remembered. 5.
Item, another season after the angell coma-
aundynd hur to go unto the sayd cardenal, and
shew hym of his fall, and that he had not done

as she had comaundynd hym by the wyll of God,
etc. 6. Item, that syns he dyed she saw the
disputacion of the devylles for his sowylle, and
how she was iij. tymes lyfte up and culd not se
hym nether in hevyn, hell, nor purgatory, and
at the last where shew saw hym, and how by
hur pennaunce he was brought unto hevyn,
and what sowylles she saw fly thorow purga-
tory, etc. 7. Item, more the angell warned
hur that she shuld go unto a sertain abbot,
and warne hym to take iij. of his bretherne by
name, for they were purposed to have them
away that nyght with iij. mens wyffes, and
that God wuld they shuld have better grace,
etc. 8. Item, of another that had betyn hym
zelse so with rodde that his stamell* was bloody,
which he thought to have beryed in the
garden, and she by the comaundement of the
angell met hym, etc. a hy mattur for penance.
9. Item, of ij. other monkes which had takyn
shipping to go unto Tynldalle, which by hur
prayer was torned, and the ship had no powre
to depart from the haven, etc. 10. Item, that
the angell comaundynd hur to go to another
monke, and byd hym burne the New Testament
that he had in Inglyssh, and of great vysions
seen by the same in tokyn of grace, etc. 11.
Item, of the warnyng that the angell gave hur
of a woman that cam unto sent Thomas of Can-
torbery, a mervelous mattur and a long, etc. 12.
Item, the angell shewyd hur that ambassett
of the pope shuld be at Cantorbery, and how she
sent by hym the message of God unto the pope,
how he shuld be scorged of God for ij. cawsis,
etc. 13. Item, that she spok by the comaunde-
ment of God at London with oone other, and
bad hym write the messag of God unto the
pope, to the which she dyd set hur hand, etc. 14.
Item, of the owild bysshop of Cantorbery,
how he had promysed to mary the kyng, and of
the warnynges by the angell of God, etc. 15.
Item, that she dyd shew unto docter Bokynng
the owyr of his deth, and zence that she harde
the disputacion betwene the angelles and the
develles for hys sowle. 16. Item, she dyd se
hym when he went unto hevyn, with his wurdes
that he spok, and how sent Thomas was there
present and accompanyd hym, etc. 17. Item,
of the goyng and retorne of the yerle of Wyl-
shere into Spayn, with the receavyng of the
kynges letters there, and the answers of them-
prowre, etc. 18. Item, of the vyzion that she
had, yf the kyng shuld have maryed at Callys,
of the greате shame that the quene shuld have
had, etc. 19. Item, of sutch persons as the
angell of God hath appoynted to be at hur
deth, when she shall receive the crowne of mar-
terdom, and the tyme, with the place. 20. Item,
how dyvers tymes the devell hath appered un-
to hur; oone tyme he cam in the lykenes of a
goodly man, and brought with hym a lady, and
before hur face had to do with hur upon hur
bed, with other matteres to abhominable, etc. 21.
Item, of a sertain vyzion that Goldes wyffe
had upon sent Cateryns day, which the angell
of God dyd shew by hur prayer, etc. 22. Item,
how at Corteupstreytte, when Mr. Gold went
unto masse, the other Goldes wyffe desyrd hur
to mak hur prayer unto God to know the state
of prynces dowager, of ij. other women, and of
ij. freers, which was Rich and Risby; as sone
as the preyste began confiteor, she fyll in a
traunce, and of hur wunderfull answers, etc. 23.
Item, of a sertain gentylman dwellyng
abowit Cantorbery, that had long tymes ben
temptyd to drown hym selfe by the spyryte of a
woman that he had kept by his wyffes days,
which is damned, etc. a long matter and a

straynge. 24. Item, of the vysions sene by hur
sister, marvelous, and how she tok the blud of
our Lordys sydes in a challys, and how she saw
the playg for the city of London, etc. 25.
Item, of the wurdes that the nun spake unto
Mr. Richardes, how the angell of God asked for
his fayth, with sertain prevy tokyns that she
shewyd hym that he had in his memento, with
dyvers other thynges in your howse which
cawsthem them all to muse, etc. 26. How the
angell of God hath comaundynd hur to say that
all ar but yllusions, for the tyme is not cum
that God wulle put forth the wurk, etc. 27.
Item, of 9 | 9 | 9 |, the rayn of the kyng how
long he shall reynge, as sayth a prophecy
which agreeth with hur sayng, etc. 28. Item,
of iij. lettres A. F. G., by a profecye that is in
the handes of holly Richard; yf yow send to
me John Gooddolphyn your servant, I can
cawse hym to fynd hym by enquire at the
Temple. 29. Item, more a greate matter of a
golden letter that Mary Magdalene dyd send,
and how the angell comaundynd hur to cownter-
fayt another, by cawse the people shuld have
powre upon hur boddy, etc., with monney that
was hyd, etc. 30. Item, that vj. days before
the sayd Riche was takyn, he went to a man
that hath a prophesy, and with hym Neswyck
the observaunt, which shewyd unto them wun-
deros thyng, penes and yncornes, lettres of
prophesy, and of all ther troble at Powlys
Crosse. This man dwellyth ij. myls ffrom
Bugdeane, his name is Handford, etc."

Our next extract: "The account of the re-
lics at Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, and of the
fraillities of the prior, given in the following let-
ter, is amusing. This small priory was founded
in the latter part of the twelfth century. It was
originally a house for leprous women, established
by one of the Bisets. The last prior was Rich-
ard Jenyn, who, after the dissolution of his
house, obtained the rectory of Shipton Moyne,
in Gloucestershire. The visitatorial injunc-
tions were very severe against relics and the
worship of images: one of them, as given in
the Cottonian MS. (Cleop. E. iv. fol. 21), runs
as follows:—'Item, that they shuld not shewe
no relyques or fayned myracles for encrease of
luere, but that they exhorte pylgrymes and
strayngers to geve that to the poore that they
thought to offere to ther images or reliquies.'
In the lists of relics in other monasteries, we
find many which were pretended to be preser-
vative of women in labour; they had previously
been made man an object of satire in 'Piers
Ploughman's Creed.'

"Dr. Layton to Cromwell.

"Pleasit your mastershippe to understonde,
that yesternyght late we came from Glassyn-
burie to Bristowe to Saint Austins, wheras we
begyn this mornyng, intending this day to
dispatche bothe this howse here, beyng but xiiij.
chanons, and also the Gawntes, wheras be iij.
or v. By this bringar, my servant, I sende
yowe relyqwis, fyrste, two flowres wrappede in
white and blake sarcenet, that one Christyn-
mas evyn *hora ipsa qua Christus natus fuerat*, will
spring and burgen and bere blossoms, *quod ex-
pertum esse*, saith the prior off Maden Bradley;
ye shall also receive a bage of reliquis, wherin
ye shall se straigneis thynges, as shall appere
by the scripture, as, Godes cote, Oure lades
smoke, Parte of Godes supper in *cena Domini*,
Pars petre super qua natus erat Jesus in Bethelhem,
belyke ther is in Bethelhem plentie of stones
and sum qwarrie, and makith ther maingierres
off stone. The scripture of evere thyng shall
declare yowe all; and all thes of Maden Brade-
ley, wheras is an holy father prior, and hath but
vj. children, and but one dowghter mariede yet

* "A coarse shirt, worn by religious persons."

of the goodes of the monasterie, trysting shortly to mary the reste. His sones be tale men, waiting upon hym, and he thanks Gode a never medelet with marytt women." . . .

And now we must conclude (though perhaps to return once more to this curious work) with a letter which depicts the mode of life of English gentlemen in the midland counties in those days when there were no Agricultural or Free-trade questions to puzzle their brains and affect their estates.

"Dr. Legh to Cromwell.

"In my most humble manner I commend me unto your good lordship, ever more thankyng you of your manyfyency and gret goodnes at all tymes shewyd unto me, advertising your lordship, that wheras I have hetherto, according to your commaundement, visite tharchedaconyre of Coventry, Stafford, Derby, and parte of Cheshyre, for that I can perceyve accordingly as I heretofore have wrytyn unto you, ther lackythe nothyng but good and godly instruction of the rude and poore people, and reformation of the heddis in thes parties. For certen of the knyghtes and gentilemen, and most commonly all, lyvythe so incontinently, hayving ther concubynes openly in ther howses, with v. or vj. of their chyldren, putting from them their wyfes, that all the contry therwith be not a lill offendyd and takithe evyll example of theym. Wherfor hetherto I have geven and sent commaundement to them (forasmuche as I could not speke with them all, by reason they war at the assyses), to put from them immediately suche concubynes as they have: hetherto notoriously and manyfestly occupied and kept, and to take agen their wyfes, or ellys to appere before your lordship to shewe a cause whye they shuld not be compellyd. And if your lordship wyll commaunde any other thyng to be doon in the premissis, I shall be redy to accomplyshe the same. And seing my lord of Norfolk ys cum to the cownte, I shall most humbly desire you to have me in remembrans. And thus Jhesu preserve you and have you in his moste firme tuytion, with moche increase of honor, according to the contentation of your lordships most noble good hartes desyre. From the monastery of Vale Royall, the xxijth day of August.—Your lordscypys ever att commandment,

THOMAS LEGH.

"To the right honorable and his singular good lord, my lord prevy seall, this be delyvered."

The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill, commonly called Lord Othmill, &c. &c. 2 vols.

By W. Howitt. London, Longman and Co. A fire-side story, or "hatch-up," as the writer playfully designates it, *Jack of the Mill* pleases us much. The hero is a great oddity, and his adventures are singular and entertaining; and the sketches of rural scenery, as well as the characters of the parties introduced to animate, are drawn with much fidelity and spirit. To exemplify this *sans phrase*, we cannot do better than copy the opening landscape, which is worthy of the pencil of a Hobbima or a Creswick:—

"Ages ago, when England and all the world were very old-fashioned, one fine summer evening might be seen on the edge of a long common, one of those snug cottages, half timber half brick-work, which yet may be found in many a nook of our happy island, and that are at once so rustic and so attractive. It stood in its old enclosure, a mixture of garden and orchard, as it had already stood for scores of years. Old fruit-trees thickly covered the greater part of it; some of them leaning one

way, and some of them another,—like a parcel of old fellows that had led a jolly life together, and now having met, perhaps for the last time, at the village-wake, had made so free with their morning cup, that not one of them could stand upright. One seemed to say to his neighbour, 'Help me, John, or I shall be down on my nose;' and the other to answer, 'Lack-a-day, Thomas, I can't keep on my legs myself;' and so one went down on his knees, and another slipped down on his side, and a third had clutched hold of his tottering neighbour, and there they stood and laughed together till they both rolled down the hill, and all the rest laughed at them till they fell too, or were obliged to prop themselves against anything they came near. Just so were the old orchard trees. They all looked more than half worn out with age, and yet all hardy and tough, and setting time and infirmities at defiance. They were bent and tumbled about, nay, in more than one place tumbled over each other, till you might almost fancy you heard them cry out,—'Heavens! what a weight! Off, off, old boy there, or I shall be squeezed into the ground like a nettle-stalk that a cart-wheel has gone over!' Yet they all turned up their old heads, and laughed in the sunshine. They were of kinds that few people now know. Nobody could tell when they were planted, and they seemed determined to live on for ever. Some were quite hollow; and the tomtit and the pea-bird had built their nests in their innermost boles for generations; and some, where they formerly had a great bough, had now a great hole in their shoulders filled with black mould, out of which sprouted a wild gooseberry-bush, or from which a bramble hung down; yet, spite of all this, they had twisted up their sturdy trunks again so resolutely, that they had fairly bent them into an elbow; and though some of them had been knocked so completely on their knees by a desperate blow of a thunderbolt, or whisked over by a giant of a storm-wind, that brushed past as suddenly and as rudely as if he had been stung by a hornet,—yet, I say, there were their old heads all turned up to the sunshine with an air that seemed to say, 'Here we are, after all, as stout and clever as ever!' And really it was astonishing what quantities of fruit those old heads were covered with, which, as the summer was now verging towards autumn, began to shew themselves in their various and peculiar characters and colours. There were top-apples and John-apples, leather-coats and golden-pippins, ladies' fingers and Whiking-pippins, seek-no-further, and crab-minchings; there were Eve-apples and penny loaf-apples, apples with red cheeks, and apples as green as spring grass, apples all striped with bright red stripes, and crab-apples for making verjuice, which looked as gay and gallant as any of them, yet were in reality so sour, that if you bit one it would twist up your face just as a washerwoman twists up a piece of linen that she is wringing out. There were pears almost as various. Swans'-eggs and honey-pears; the latter, little sweet yellow and rosy things, already ripe, and shewing, by sticks and stones, and broken pieces of branches, and quantities of green leaves lying under these trees, that somebody knew of them. There were very tall trees hung with pears called bell-pears; and on these bells I know somebody who has rung many a peal. There were other large pears called Warden, which might almost as correctly have been called wooden-pears; for till they were baked they were as hard as knobs of wood; but then, as the old woman of the cottage used to produce them in her great brown

steen pot from the oven, so red, so juicy, and so sweet, that they needed a warden to prevent them being all eaten up; and perhaps it was from this that they had their name. Besides these there were various others, none of which we need here particularise, except that delightful old pear, covered with little round whitespots, called a choke-pear; because, though very juicy, its juice had the odd property of choking you. Amongst its plums, too, stood conspicuous that yellowish, reddish plum, about as big as a marble, called the old English bul-lace, said to have been formerly a wild plum, native to the country, and yet to be seen in old-fashioned orchards and garden hedges that have stood perhaps for centuries. Besides these, stood here and there a quince, with its yellow-green fruit, a medlar, and a mulberry; and under one of the largest apple-trees, the stout old press for the verjuice. Underneath the trees, here and there also, and in the open space that might be more properly called the garden, grew cabbages and turnips, and other garden stuff, and bushes of overgrown filbert-nuts and barberry. At one end of the house grew a great yew-tree, and all about the other a wilderness of ancient and wrinkled elder-trees, in which the hens roosted. There was a turf-bank by the cottage-door, on which grew camomile; and about the windows and under them, all those old English plants, rue and rosemary, lad's-love and box, marigolds and polyanthus, that no old cottage-garden could be without. Of course there was a stand of bees, and at this very time these bees were making a most summer-like hum not only in the honeysuckle which hung over the door, but just as merrily in the poisonous flowers of the blue monkshood and spurge, and in the very weeds which ramped in that not very well-weeded garden. This little peasant's nest, with its old orchard and garden, was fenced in by an old fence, partly of rotting pales green with age, and partly by a hedge that had grown as wild as the asses and cattle on the common would let it. From their depredations it was luckily, in a great measure, protected by a great, wide, deep, straggling ditch, on the banks of which, dry with the long drought of a warm summer, and under the canopy of overhanging bushes of bramble and sloe, were scuffling and rolling in the dust a considerable flock of fowls. Just below, in a pool, swam as large a company of ducks and geese, while the old man of the cottage looked over his little garden-gate at them with evident satisfaction, and then went to see how the bed of onions flourished that were to stuff them on their roasting-day, and to gather peas to carry to town, with three couple of the ducks, on the morrow."

We cannot call to mind any thing superior to this as the delineation of a rustic nook; and as the hero is equally well painted in his *début* upon it, we continue the quotation for the amusement of our readers.

"Far and wide around stretched the common, scattered with bushes of broom and gorse, with sheep and pigs, cattle and shaggy ponies; and in a hollow not far off, lay on his back, kicking up his heels in the sunshine, and singing as loud as he could, a queer kind of an urchin, that might be fourteen, or that might be twenty, for aught that the cleverest judge of age could tell. If you looked at his size at a distance, you would say that he was about twelve or so; but if you came to look near at him, you found him such a queer, old-fashioned sort of a cub, that you did not know what to make of him. He was as nimble and agile as a monkey; he could twist his limbs into every

sort of shape that he pleased; run up a tree like a cat; scour along the ground on all-fours, like a dog; cock up his heels suddenly in the air, and walk along on his hands just as well as on his feet; while, with his body bent back into a perfect ring, he went along knocking the back of his head with his heels. Throwing himself as suddenly out of this form, he would spin along the greensward like a wheel—now his heels in the air, now his hands—yet so rapidly, that his flying limbs resembled the spokes of the wheel of which his odd little body was the nave. There was no place where he was not seen exercising his exploits. At one moment he was climbing up the loose precipice of a stone-quarry, in pursuit of a sand-marten's or a wagtail's nest; and more than once had whole loads of slightly-suspended stones given way with him, and come thundering down with him to the bottom, half-burying him alive, and bruising him black and blue; yet he had crept out like a crushed rat out of the ruins of a fallen house, shaken himself, and gone off as if nothing was amiss. At another time he would be seen hanging by a single branch over a deep river, stretching with all his might after some floating trifle or other; the branch has given way, he has plunged headlong in, where it was deep enough to take a tolerable church-steeple over head, and the country fellows who saw him have said, 'There, Jack is gone from home safe enough; he can't swim, and that hole is deep enough to drown Gog and Magog.' But Jack has come up, given a snort like a rhinoceros, and though he never swam an inch before in his life, has floated and struggled on, with a motion something between that of a toad and a blind kitten, come to the bank, crept up it like a great lizard, shook himself, blown his nose, taken off his great shoes, and spouted the water out of them, and trotted off home to dry himself. Another time he would be seen on the top of an old man's cottage, peeping down the chimney, and amusing himself with dropping a piece of mortar or brick that he has picked from the wall into the porridge-pot, to the wonderful consternation of the good folks below; or he would be discovered climbing up the spouts and quoins-stones of the church-tower, and creeping in at the belfry-window in quest of pigeon-nests. There was no mischief and no dangerous place that the young monkey was not getting into; and the whole neighbourhood settled it, without a dissenting voice, that he would be good for nothing while he lived, and must come to some uncommon end. 'I shall not live to see it, may be,' said old men, and old women too; 'but those that do live to see it, will see something unaccountably strange in that young fellow's finishing off. He's just the graceless scapgrace that ever winked in God's daylight!' If you took a near view of the restless subject of these comfortable prophecies, you seemed at last to have found a complete falsification of the adage, that you can't set an old head on young shoulders, for here it was. Upon that lanky little body, which seemed as if it was made out of a snake, with its tail split in two for a pair of queer legs, and which was bending about in all sorts of uneasy ways in the most easy manner possible while you looked at it,—stood a big-gish rough head, with rough, brown, sunburnt hair, that seemed never to have had such a thing as a comb in it since it grew, and a broadish, longish face, with a very healthy, but very odd look. Under a broad, sun-freckled forehead, and a pair of shaggy eyebrows, twinkled also a pair of the most sly, and at the same time quietly-laughing, mischievous, and yet good-natured eyes you ever saw. You

could not help taking a great fancy to the strange animal, and yet having a feeling that there was something impish and over-knowing about him. Whatever was astir in the parish, Jack was always on the spot. He was one of those idly-active creatures that contrive to be in at all accidents, to see all strange sights, to hear the first news. If a barn was on fire, a horse had staked itself by leaping a fence, a cow had fallen dead, or somebody's sheep had been worried by a strange dog, Jack was always to be seen thrusting in his shaggy head between the legs of the first group of eager spectators, and was the first to run off as a messenger for help. To tell the truth, he would soon raise the whole neighbourhood. Over hedge and ditch he went; his rough locks flapping, his old brown coat flying behind, his odd legs spinning away in the most marvellous manner. He ducked and threaded the copse-wood like a hare, tripped over the stepping-stones of the brook like a cat, swung himself over a five-barred gate like a merry-andrew, and came suddenly round the corner of a wood on labourers in the fields, or springing into a farm-yard or a cottage-garden, with his whole body on fire with eagerness, his eyes so full of wonder, and dealt out with such sharp and hungry words his news, that all heads were speedily popped out of their doors, and the entire lordship was in a fever of inquiry. If strangers appeared in the place, Jack was sure to creep to their sides, listen if they wanted to find out any body or to see any thing, and then proffered to shew them the way to their object. The lad had a cocket way with him that infinitely amused many strangers. There was nothing that they could say to him that he did not give a smart reply to. By attaching himself to wandering traders, and old soldiers, that had come there at different times, he had, as if by instinct, rather than by any common means, picked up the common conversational knowledge of various languages; and when foreigners that have halted at the village-inn, struck with the uncommon quickness and grotesque character of the lad, have made remarks to one another in their own language, that he might not understand them, they have been astonished to hear him break out upon them in the same with a merry jeering, 'O, O, good master, so you thought you had me there, eh!' On such occasions Jack was often of great use to foreigners who did not well know his language. He ran for conveyances for them, trudged on as guide through the neighbouring woods, where the roads were both difficult to find, and difficult to travel when they were found. For in those days they were often much worse than God and nature made them, sometimes being so deep in mud that the wheels sunk in the ruts deep as the axles, and on each side stood up walls of mud as high as the wheels themselves. They passed through wild stony streams, where, if a man did not know the track well, he would very soon smash his travelling-waggon, and sink both himself and his wares in the flood. Sometimes they passed over the roughest ground scattered with huge blocks of stone, or down such steeples in the woodlands, that were enough to terrify the stoutest traveller. But in all such extremities Jack's spirits and ingenuity were unailing. He would mount the horses' backs, and shout, and whip, and inspirit them, or guide them with the steady hand of an old man, that made the travellers think him worth any money; and more than once they have made him great offers to go with them. But Jack, though restless at home, never seemed to make up his mind to

leave it. He would only shake his head, and say, 'Nay, nay; what is to become of the old folks when I'm gone?' as if he did ever so much towards their support! On these trips, however, Jack sometimes disappeared for days and even weeks; and his parents gave themselves no trouble about him; for they said, 'Ay, Jack 'll take care of himself;' and, in truth, he often came back with so much money in his pocket as quite astonished the old people. The roads in those days were no safer than they were good; and Jack, who seemed to have patrolled the whole neighbourhood, had several times warned travellers when they came to dangerous places, and had enabled them to escape or prevent robbery, for which he always got well rewarded. When the travellers too, who sometimes amounted to a little troop, with their pack-horses and servants, stopped in the wood at noon to eat their dinners, Jack would point out a pleasant spot on the slope of some open glade, where they could seat themselves under the trees if it was hot, or screen themselves from the wind when it was cold. At such times he was always infinitely amusing by his tricks, as well as useful by his offices. With a kind of grey, lanky, rough dog, with one lame fore-leg, that he called Timothy, he would watch the horses while they grazed, released from their loads; and the travellers would sit and mark his antics and his schemes with vast merriment. Fixing himself on a knoll, he would put Timothy to school, and make him go through a variety of lessons and manœuvres, which he performed with a most laughable gravity. If the horses in the meantime offered to take advantage of this, and slyly wander wide, Jack's eye was on them. Timothy's exercises—in which he acted a soldier, holding a stick for a spear, a beggar hopping on a crutch, or a parson preaching, being reared up by the boll of a tree for the purpose—were suddenly broken off, and scampering round the troop with a wonderful agility considering his lameness, he soon had them again within due limits. At other times, Jack caught hold of the down-hanging branches of a large tree, and swinging himself up into it, would lie and rock, and sing for an hour together; while Timothy would sit below, looking up at him, and whining and barking in chorus; but at a word of Jack, 'Up, Tim!' would dart off, and bring back some straggling delinquent. When his charge appeared particularly restive, Jack would leap from tree to tree sometimes, more like a monkey or a squirrel than a human creature, and suddenly dropping to the ground before the face of the unruly beast, would startle him back in a hurry, or would dart through the thicker, and leap out before the culprit with a shout that made him wheel round as if shot. At other times, when these services were not needed, he would sit on the ground by the strangers, and while he ate the dinner they gave him, equally amuse them by his conversation. He told them stories of his village life, his neighbours, his father's ass which he called Ben, of the old fat miller, and other things, which, though they had little in them, were comical from the odd countenance and grotesque gravity with which they were related. One traveller asked him what was his name besides Jack. 'I know not,' said he; 'Jack is enough, is it not, if I come when I'm called?' 'But you have another name, I suppose?' 'I reckon so,' said Jack. 'And what is it?' 'O, what you please; Bartholomew, or any thing.' 'Bartholomew!' 'Yes, you may call me Bartholomew in a morning before breakfast. Give me my breakfast, and then you may call me Tholomew. Give me my dinner, Old Thol, if

you like; and if you give me my supper, why then—Spade, or anything.”

This is the first chapter; and *ex uno disce omnes*: the book is an agreeable pastime, and well deserves a popular reception. The woodcut illustrations are rather grotesque; and by referring to the first sentence we have extracted, it will be seen that, if not the printing, at least the punctuation, is very careless. One might fancy from it that a “fine summer evening might be seen on the edge of a long common.”

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey. 4 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

VIEWING all writers of criticism and literature in periodical publications as travelling in the same direction, and on the same or parallel roads, we have not considered it any part of our task to be turning about to the right or the left, launching a shout before, or darting a glance behind, to say much of or to our fellow-pilgrims. When we have seen them start, we have been content to announce the nature of the accession to the toiling ranks; and, very rarely, upon some remarkable occasions, we have deviated from our common rule to describe an important event illustrative of the literary character or progress of the times.

Under the latter category might certainly be ranged the publication now before us, as well as that of Mr. Macaulay, that of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and perhaps one or two others of a similar kind. But as we have formerly quoted the old saying, “Corbies do not pick out corbies’ een,” so do we continue to think that criticising critics is a labour of argument, which, carried to the length it must be to be of any value, had better be left alone than undertaken.

Had we been otherwise disposed, Mrs. Grant of Laggan has supplied us with so much that we might have said of Mr. (Lord) Jeffrey, and let us so much behind his blue and yellow curtain (see page 50), that we would gladly have adopted her remarks and revelations in preference to our own.

But we may be allowed to observe of this very accomplished and eminent person, and of the work he has thought proper to give to the world as his (in order to counteract suppositions and mutilated editions in America and elsewhere), that a kindly expressed dedication to the original projector of the *Edinburgh Review*, and his many years’ coadjutor, the Rev. Sydney Smith, is a most appropriate prelude to the collection. It does not reprint all Mr. Jeffrey’s papers, but is a selection, with some retracements, of about one-third of his contributions, from 1802, when he began, to 1840, when he concluded. Of his leading principles he declares in the preface, and the whole work bears out the claim:

“If I might be permitted farther to state in what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense both of the close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under considera-

tion a leading subject of discussion; and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue, and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty, or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than intimate this proud claim; but for the proof, or at least the explanation of it, I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow.”

To Mr. Jeffrey’s consistency these pages are ample testimony; though we are not inclined to be so fixedly wedded to the value of this quality as many men are. We have known multitudes of people consistent throughout their lives, because it always agreed with their interest to be so; and we have known great changes of opinion operated not always by like selfish motives, but often from conscientious convictions. If any body assured us that he was the same at 63 as at 23, we should consider him the most inconsistent being that ever breathed; in all probability of a shallow, weak, obstinate, little mind, which neither observation nor experience could improve. But we must waive digression.

In these four most instructive and delightful volumes the subjects are grouped:—1. General literature, and literary biography. 2. History, and historical memoirs. 3. Poetry. 4. Philosophy, metaphysics, &c. 5. Works of fiction. 6. General politics; and, 7. Miscellaneous.

In all acute and able, we confess that we have read the author’s strictures under the 3d and 5th divisions with the greatest delight. To say that we agree with all, or nearly all, his canons of criticism on the productions and writers comprehended therein, would be far wide of the truth; but we have perused even those which we think impregnated by partialities, with a sense of our gaining intelligence, and clear and expanded views, almost beyond aught that we have met with in modern literature. Mr. Jeffrey shews himself a master of his art throughout; and they must be Beotians indeed who can peruse his opinions and reasoning without reaping great and manifest improvement for the storehouse of their minds. The first memorable review of Byron’s *Hours of Idleness* does not appear among the poetical articles; whilst *Sardanapalus*, *Manfred*, and other productions of the noble bard are fully noticed. With marking this single particular we shall put down our pen, and content ourselves with once more heartily thanking Lord Jeffrey for the pleasure he has here afforded us, for enlarging our understanding upon many interesting subjects, and for giving us a literary treat of a description to do high honour to himself, and greatly exalt the periodical press of our age.

Mesmerism; its History, Phenomena, and Practice: with Reports of Cases developed in Scotland. Small 8vo, pp. 240. Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.

Mesmerism the Gift of God; in reply to “Satanic Agency and Mesmerism,” a Sermon said to have been preached by the Rev. Hugh M’Neile. In a Letter to a Friend, by a Beneficed Clergyman. Pp. 16. London, W. E. Painter.

APART from the hostility of the learned, the religious, and the professional world, mesmerism—which, with hydropathy and homœopathy, as they now stand, without the basis of a rational theory, are very little removed

from being the three great superstitions of the age—has to fight against a vulgar popularity. It is daily sinking more and more to the level of the lower classes and grades of society. Two-penny and threepenny tracts on animal magnetism are extensively distributed among those who have only wonder to bestow in return, and who can neither appreciate nor understand the complex character of phenomena, which come to them only as crude, mysterious, and marvellous things, and hence derive their charm and notoriety. One professor of the art, sorely pushed by sceptical inquirers and experimenters, was made, according to newspaper report, to throw himself publicly into the arms of the mechanics, to whom he appealed as alone qualified to give a just opinion, and which appeal was received with overwhelming cheers. It is obvious that this is not the way to forward the interests of research; and those who have recourse to such means must do it from interested motives, and not from a simple and pure love of the cause.

It is all very good to assume the perpetual mock heroic which occupies nearly half of the first work on our present list, and refer to the unjust persecutions of Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, &c.: this is the fate of all innovators; and such examples should rather teach patience and forbearance than the vain attempt to force an hypothesis upon the public, whether it is prepared for it or not, or whether it will have it or not. If the profession and the public were wrong in discarding for awhile the discoveries of Harvey, Sydenham, Paré, and many other benefactors of the species, they were in the right in regard to Paracelsus, Roger Bacon, Raymund Lully, Van Helmont, and the thousand-and-one pretensions of a hydra-headed and ever-various empiricism and quackery, whether coming in the shape of a philosopher’s stone, a charm, an enchantment, a pill, a salve, or a “royal touch.”

It is obvious that it is not reasonable, when there is so much that is speculative and hypothetical, and so little that can be clearly and precisely explained, inductively arrived at, or even phenomena always producible or exhibiting similar manifestations, to expect a general and universal credence to be at once yielded to a thing of so much pretension and mystery as mesmerism; but, on the other hand, it is both degrading to the age and derogatory to the human mind to assail the pursuit with derision, or to return for research and discovery hostility and persecution. This, it might be imagined, ought to have belonged to the “middle ages;” but it is far more rife at present than ever, and testifies, in the most unanswerable manner, that boasted civilisation is a mere phantom, a sort of “jeune France,” a beautiful and perpetual regeneration of youth, without ever attaining the wisdom or sobriety of manhood’s common sense.

The minister who from the pulpit denounces the influence of different nervous systems as a Satanic agency, has evidently, so far as his intelligence is concerned, not gained a step upon the age when that invaluable medicine, bark, was denounced by the clergy as a popish remedy, and rejected as the invention of the father of all papists—the devil. The best answer to so sorrowful a manifestation of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century was evidently, as in the pamphlet before us, to shew, in return, that, as a mighty remedial agent and a means of soothing pain and affliction, mesmerism ought in reality to be considered as a discovery mercifully vouchsafed by the beneficent Creator for the mitigation of human misery.

Whatever theory may ultimately spring out

of accumulated facts, there is no longer any doubt in the minds of reasonable and unbiased persons as to the truth of many of the mesmeric phenomena. It is time, then, now, that the controversial part of the inquiry should be left alone, and the experimental followed with the more earnestness and zeal. Leaving out these chapters, which are to us so many painful reiterations of the same complaints—the unpleasing opening of old sores—Mr. Lang's work is a concise and able view of the present state of mesmerism, and perhaps the most compact and readable manual upon the subject; and we strongly recommend mesmerists, if they wish to be respected, to discard the mysticism of the vulgar—to give up all hopes of temporary fame and glory—to turn with Minerva's shield the shafts of ignorance and folly, which alone indulge in derision—and labour on in the great cause of benefiting even an ungrateful humanity.

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

IN concluding our first notice of Mr. Tytler's ninth volume we promised the story of Kinmont Willie, as a specimen of Border feud. It is pretty well known, but is, as we remarked, so well told, that it may safely bear the risk of repetition.

"Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, a baron of proud temper, undaunted courage, and considered one of the ablest military leaders in Scotland, was at this time warden of the west marches; having for his brother warden of England, Lord Scrope, also a brave and experienced officer. Scrope's deputy was a gentleman of the name of Salkeld; Buccleugh's, a baron of his own clan, Robert Scott of Haining; and in the absence of the principals, it was the duty of these subordinate officers to hold the warden courts for the punishment of outlaws and offenders. Such courts presented a curious spectacle; for men met in perfect peace and security, protected by the law of the borders, which made it death for any Englishman or Scotsman to draw weapon upon his greatest foe, from the time of holding the court till next morning at sunrise. It was judged that, in this interval, all might return home; and it is easy to see that, with such a population as that of the borders, nothing but the most rigid enforcement of this law could save the country from perpetual rapine and murder. William Armstrong of Kinmont, or in the more graphic and endearing phraseology of the borders, Kinmont Willie, was at this time one of the most notorious and gallant thieves or freebooters in Liddesdale. He was himself a man of great personal strength and stature, and had four sons, Jock, Francie, Geordie, and Sandie Armstrong, each of them a braver and more successful moss-trooper than the other. Their exploits had made them known and dreaded over the whole district; and their father and they had more 'bills filed' against them at the warden courts, more personal quarrels and family feuds to keep their blood hot and their hands on their weapons, than any twenty men in Liddesdale. This Willie of Kinmont, who was a retainer of Buccleugh and a special favourite of his chief, had been attending a warden court, held by the English and Scottish depute wardens, at a place named the Dayholm of Kershope, where a small burn or rivulet divides the two countries, and was quietly returning home through Liddesdale, with three or four in company, when he was suddenly attacked by a body of two hundred English borderers, chased for some miles, captured, tied to

a horse, and carried in triumph to Carlisle Castle; where Lord Scrope the governor and warden cast him, heavily ironed, into the common prison. Such an outrageous violation of border-law was instantly complained of by Buccleugh, who wrote repeatedly to Lord Scrope, demanding the release of his follower; and receiving no satisfactory reply, swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, quick or dead, with his own hand. The threat was esteemed a mere bravado; for the castle was strongly garrisoned and well fortified, in the middle of a populous and hostile city, and under the command of Lord Scrope, as brave a soldier as in all England. Yet Buccleugh was not intimidated. Choosing a dark tempestuous night (the 13th April), he assembled two hundred of his bravest men at the tower of Morton, a fortalice on 'the debateable land,' on the water of Sark, about ten miles from Carlisle. Amongst these, the leader whom he most relied on was Wat Scott of Harden; but along with him were Wat Scott of Braxholm, Wat Scott of Goldielands, Jock Elliot of the Copshaw, Sandie Armstrong son to Hobbie the Laird of Mangerton, Kinmont's four sons—Jock, Francie, Sandie, and Geordie Armstrong, Rob of the Langhohn, and Willie Bell the Redcloak: all noted and daring men. They were well mounted, armed at all points, and carried with them scaling-ladders, besides iron-crowbars, sledge-hammers, hand-picks, and axes. Thus furnished, and favoured by the extreme darkness of the night, they passed the river Esk, rode briskly through the Grahame's country, forded the Eden, then swollen over its banks, and came to the brook Caday, close by Carlisle, where Buccleugh made his men dismount, and silently led eighty of them, with the ladders and iron tools, to the foot of the wall of the base or outer court of the castle. Every thing favoured them: the heavens were as black as pitch, the rain descended in torrents; and as they raised their ladders to fix them on the cope-stone, they could hear the English sentinels challenge as they walked their rounds. To their rage and disappointment the ladders proved too short; but finding a postern in the wall, they undermined it, and soon made a breach enough for a soldier to squeeze through. In this way a dozen stout fellows passed into the outer court (Buccleugh himself being the fifth man who entered), disarmed and bound the watch, wrenched open the postern from the inside, and thus admitting their companions, were masters of the place. Twenty-four troopers now rushed to the castle jail, Buccleugh meantime keeping the postern, forced the door of the chamber where Kinmont was confined, carried him off in his irons, and sounding their trumpet, the signal agreed on, were answered by loud shouts and the trumpet of Buccleugh, whose troopers filled the base court. All was now terror and confusion both in town and castle. The alarm-bell rang, and was answered by his brazen brethren of the cathedral and the town-house; the beacon blazed up on the top of the great tower; and its red, uncertain glare on the black sky and the shadowy forms and glancing armour of the Borderers, rather increased the horror and their numbers. None could see their enemy, or tell his real strength. Lord Scrope believing, as he afterwards wrote to Burghley, that five hundred Scots were in possession of the castle, kept himself close within his chamber. Kinmont Will himself, as he was carried on his friends' shoulders beneath the warden's window, roared out a lusty 'Good night' to his lordship; and in a wonderfully brief space Buc-

cleugh had effected his purpose, joined his men on the Caday, remounted his troopers, forded once more the Esk and the Eden, and bearing his rescued favourite in the middle of his little band, regained the Scottish border before sunrise. This brilliant exploit, the last and assuredly one of the bravest feats of border warfare, was long talked of; embalmed in an inimitable ballad; and fondly dwelt on by tradition, which has preserved some graphic touches. Kinmont in swimming his horse through the Eden, which was then flooded, was much cumbered by the irons round his ankles; and is said to have drily observed, that often as he had breasted it, he never had such heavy spurs. His master, Buccleugh, eager to rid him of these shackles, halted at the first smith's house they came to within the Scottish border; but the door was locked, the family in bed, and the knight of the hammer so sound a sleeper, that he was only awakened by the lord warden thrusting his long spear through the window, and nearly spitting both Vulcan and his lady. Jocular, however, as were these circumstances to the victors, the business was no laughing matter to Lord Scrope, who came forth from his bed-chamber to find that his castle had been stormed, his garrison bearded, and his prisoner carried off by only eighty men. He instantly wrote to the privy council and Lord Burghley, complaining of so audacious an attack upon one of the queen's castles in time of peace; and advising his royal mistress to insist with James on the delivery of Buccleugh, that he might receive the punishment which so audacious an outrage, as he termed it, deserved. But Buccleugh had much to offer in his defence: he pleaded that Kinmont's seizure and imprisonment had been a gross violation of the law; that it was not until every possible representation had failed, and till his own sovereign's remonstrance, addressed to Elizabeth, had been treated with contempt, that he took the matter into his own hands; and that his borderers had committed no outrage, either on life or property, although they might have made Scrope and his garrison prisoners, and sacked the city. All this was true; and the king for a while resisted compliance with Elizabeth's demand, in which he was supported by the whole body of his council and barons, and even by the ministers of the kirk; whilst the people were clamorous in their applause, and declared that no more gallant action had been done even in Wallace's days. But at last James's spirit quailed under the impetuous remonstrance of the queen; and the border chief was first committed to ward in the castle of St. Andrews, and afterwards sent on parole to England, where he remained till the outrages of the English borderers rendered his services as warden absolutely necessary to preserve the country from havoc. He was then delivered. It is said that during his stay in England as a prisoner at large, he was sent for by Elizabeth, who loved bold actions even in her enemies. She demanded of him, with one of those lion-like glances which used to throw her proudest nobles on their knees, how he had dared to storm her castle; to which the border baron, nothing daunted, replied—"What, madam, is there that a brave man may not dare?" The rejoinder pleased her; and turning to her courtiers, she exclaimed,—"Give me a thousand such leaders, and I'll shake any throne in Europe!"

A fact related in 1598-9 shews the tyrannical or high-prerogative inclination of the king, and affords a fine instance of its firm resistance: "The king's recent triumph over the mini-

sters; the vigour with which he had brought the bishops into parliament, and compelled his nobles to renounce their blood-feuds; seem to have persuaded him that his will and prerogative were to bear down all before him; but a slight circumstance now occurred which, had he been accustomed to watch such political indications, might have been full of warning and instruction. The magistrates of Edinburgh had arrested an offender: he was rescued by one of the servants of the king. The magistrates prosecuted the rescuer, and compelled him to give assurance that he would deliver the original culprit; but the courtier failed in his promise, and the civic authorities seized him and sent him to prison. An outcry arose. It was deemed disgraceful that an officer of the royal household, a gentleman responsible solely to the king, should be clapt up in jail by a set of burghers and bailies. James interfered, and commanded his servant to be set free; but the bailies refused. The monarch sent a more angry message; it was met by a still firmer reply: the provost and magistrates declared that they were ready to resign their offices into the king's hands; as long, however, as they kept them, they would do their duty. James was much enraged, but cooled and digested the affront."

From some holograph and hitherto unprinted letters of Elizabeth, of which several are cited by Mr. Tytler, we copy the following specimen:

"Queen Elizabeth to the King of Scots.

"12th August, 1591.

"Many make the argument of their letters of divers subjects. Some with salutations, some with admonitions, others with thanks; but, my dear brother, few, I suppose, with confession: and that at this time shall serve the meekest for my part. I doubt not but you wonder why it is, that in time so perilous to your person, so dangerous for your state, so hateful to the hearers, so strange for the treasons, you find me, that from your birth held most in regard your surety, should now neglect all, when it most behoveth to have watchful eyes on a most needy prince. Now hear thereof my shrift:—It is true that my many counsels I have known oft thanked, but seldom followed. When I wished you reign, you suffered other rule; if I desired awe, you gave them liberty. My timely warnings became too late performance. When it required action, it was all to begin; which when I gathered, as in a handful of my memory, I will now try, quoth I, what at a pinch he will do for himself; for nearer than with life may no man be assailed. And hearing how audacity prevailed in so large measure, as it was made a question whether a witch for a king's life might serve for a sufficient proof, and that the price of a king's blood was set at so low a rate, with many wondering blessings I, in attentive sort, attended the issue of such an error; and not seeing any great offence laid to so slight a case, I fearfully doubted the consequence of such an act; yea, when I heard that, quakingly, men hastened to trial of such guilt, I supposed the more loved where least it became, and the most neglected to whom they owed most bond. Well [I] was assured, that more addition could never my warning make; and to renew what so oft was told should be but *petitio principii*. With safe conscience having discharged my office, I betook you to your best actions, and thought for me there was no more remaining. And now I trust that this may merit an absolution, I will make you partaker of my joy that I hear you now begin (which would to God had sooner been!) to regard your surety, and make men fear you, and leave adoring false saints. God strengthen your kingly heart, and make you

never fail yourself; for then who will stick to you? You know me so well as no bloody mind ever lodged in my breast; and hate bear I none to any of yours, God is witness. But ere your days be shortened, let all yours be. This my charity."

The spelling has been modernised by Mr. Tytler, her majesty's style being rather obsolete for the comprehension of readers of the nineteenth century.

"Elizabeth to James [probably 1593].

"When I consider, right dear brother, that all the chaos whereof this world was made, consisted first of confusion, and was after divided into four principal elements, of which if either do bear too great a superiority, the whole must quickly perish; and when I see that all our beings consist of contraries, without the which we may not breath; I marvel the less that there do fall in your conceit an opinion that you could accord with a discord. It is true that in music sweet disorders be good rules; but in trades of lives, which bide not for moments, but for years, it self is taken for good advice: the more, I grant, is their bond, that on so dangerous foundation find a builder to venture his work. I will shun to be so wicked as to turn to scorn that I suppose is grounded on ignorance; neither will I misjudge that any derision is meant, where I hope there reigns no such iniquity: therefore I will have recourse to my best judgment, which consisteth in this thought,—that some that saw my outward show looked not on the calends of my years; and so, through fame of seeming appearance, might delude your ears, and make suppose far better than you should find. But as my obligation is so great in your behalf, as it may permit no disguising, no more than in any thing else that may concern you will I abuse you with beguiling persuasions, and thereon mind to deal with you as merchants that have no ready money; then they fall to consider of those wares that suits best their countries, and by interchange of equal utilities makes traffic to other's best avail; procuring a continuance of friendly trade, and true intelligence, of fair good will; which is the way I choose to walk in, and even in so smooth a path as my works shall perform my word's errand; and do promise, on the faith of a king, if I find correspondence in your actions, my eyes shall give as narrow a look to what shall be your good as if it touched the body that bears them. But if I shall find a double face of one shoulder, I protest I shall abandon my care, and leave you to your worst fortune. This gentleman, for your allowance and good favour, not for his good will to me, nor many practices perilous to me, of which, if he list, he may speak, I admit to my presence; whom, I assure you, I find even such as fits the judgment of your place, to esteem with no temporary honour. You may believe my judgment, that have had no cause to give him a partial censure. I perceive that God bestowed his gifts on him with no sparing hand; but even with his dole was amply enlarged. But, above all, I commend his faith to you; for whom, I see, he neglects and loseth his greatest hopes ere now, and in all your requests rather overcares it, as though nothing must be denied your request. And for that part of his charge, that toucheth my particular, though at your commandment he followeth your laws, yet found I my wants such, as are far short from such an election as your choice should make you, where both youth and beauty should accompany each other; of which, though either fail, yet let not such defects make diminution of my friendship's price, which I trust to make of so true a

value, that no touchstone shall try any mixture in that compound, but such as fears not trial. To conclude: this bearer hath well satisfied my expectation, as one that ought to make some amends for former wrongs,—to [whom] I have bequeathed the trust to lay open unto you my griefs and injuries, which, through lewd advice, you have wrought; though, I trust, coming amends may easily blot out of my memory's books. This I bequeath to the safe keeping of God: who give some wisdom to sever a sincere advice from a fraudulent counsel, and bless you from betraying snares, who takes the feet off of the hare!—Your assured careful sister and cousin,

ELIZABETH R."

We have only room for the close of another of these royal epistles, which, like the rest, is very characteristic of Queen Bess:

"Now, to confess my kind taking of all your loving offers, and vows of most assured oaths, that naught shall be concealed from me that either prince or subject shall, to your knowledge, work against me or my estate; surely, dear brother, you right me much if so you do. And this I vow, that without you list, I will not willingly call you in question for such warnings, if the greatness of the cause may not compel me thereunto. And do entreat you to think, that if any accident so befall you, as either secrecy or speed shall be necessary, suppose yourself to be sure of such a one as shall neglect neither, to perform so good a work. Let others promise, and I will do as much with truth as others with wiles. And thus I leave to molest your eyes with my scribbling; with my perpetual prayers for your good estate, as desirerth your most loving and affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH R."

What is to be done? or, Past, Present, and Future. Pp. 123. London, J. Ridgway.

WE notice this as the most striking political pamphlet of the day. We understand that it is written by Mr. Rich, whose near and intimate connexion with a noble ex-minister, Lord Palmerston, impresses it with the character of being an authorised manifesto by the opposition of their intentions previous to the opening of parliament.

The Secret Passion. By the Author of "Shakespeare and his Friends," "The Youth of Shakespeare." 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

WE have achieved what we believe few will accomplish—we have read these volumes throughout. But others, possibly, may be able to do what we cannot—discover the intention, aim, or end of the author in writing this work. With what it may be, excepting a dependence on the name of "Shakespeare" for its sale, we are just as unacquainted at the last line as we were perusing the first. There are a number of chapters, each introducing a host of personages, who romp, converse, make love, or quarrel, as the humour is; but as to a connected story, there is not the least approach to entitle the publication to be called a novel. The mere parade of "Shakespeare," his family, and contemporaries, or, according to the author, his "combination of the ideal and historical," cannot excite, and much less can it sustain, the interest of the reader. Such is our belief; but the consequence of the contrary faith of the writer has been the sending forth one of the most tedious set of books through which it has ever been our fate to toil. The style of writing is a clever imitation of the parlance of the times of "Shakespeare," and some descriptive portions are well constructed: these are the only redeeming qualities of *The Secret Passion*.

An Elementary Grammar of the Greek Language.

By Dr. R. Kühner. Translated by J. H. Millard, St. John's Coll. Camb. 8vo, pp. 259. London, Longman and Co.

AN excellent translation of a work that well deserved to be excellently translated. Kühner has profited by the labours of all his great German predecessors in the fruitful fields of Greek philology; and though in this his Elementary Grammar the results only are apparent, in his *Ausführliche Grammatik*, Buttmann (*nommen semper venerandum!*), Thiersch, Matthiä, Bernhardt, and his distinguished master, Rost, are shewn each to have contributed to the materials out of which he has evolved his philosophical and clear development of the principles and usages of the Greek language. We are constrained to avow that this book is not quite what we expected: we did look for Kühner's *Elementargrammatik* complete; and though it may with some force be urged, that a portion of its exercises has been "done into English" by Dr. Allen, yet as the said "doing" did not embrace any of those belonging to the Syntax, we cannot but express our regret that so excellent an opportunity of giving the work entire should have been lost. At the same time, we are aware that this is a matter on which teachers may and do differ; so that while some prefer (and we think most wisely) a book which is to the tyro at once grammar, exercise-book, delectus, and lexicon; others (such is human perversity!) persist in deeming it best that all these books should be kept as distinct and have as few connecting links as possible—least the study of the classical languages should be made too easy! Leaving, therefore, doctors to differ on this as on other subjects, we have only to say of the present translation, that, so far as we have compared it with the original, Mr. Millard has executed his task in an honest, careful, and satisfactory manner; and as regards the work itself, we know not where the whole doctrine of the verb, regular, increased, and irregular, the signification and uses of the prepositions, as well as the laws of the syntax generally, can be found expounded in a way so well adapted to the ready comprehension of youth.

Class Instruction; or Practical Methods of Teaching in Ladies' Schools. By Rachel Evans. Bristol, Philp and Evans; London, Simpkin and Co.

A VERY useful little work, and worthy of the attention of parents as well as of teachers. The modes of conveying instruction recommended have been practically applied with eminent success, we are told; and they, we doubt not, would (of course with tact on the part of the instructress) be found to answer in most cases. The gradual development of the faculties is advocated, and the prodigy or forcing system entirely condemned. As a hand-book for ladies' schools, many useful hints may be derived from it, even if the *whole system* be not adopted.

A System of Modern Geography, &c. By John White, Teacher, &c., Edinburgh. Pp. 214. Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co., Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

WE can safely recommend this class-book as one of great usefulness, and every way adapted to convey instruction in the science which it is meant to explain.

The Parent's School and College Guide, &c. Pp. 636. Rivingtons.

A SECOND edition of a very valuable repository of every kind of information that can be sought in reference to our universities, colleges, public schools, endowed grammar-schools, London

chartered companies, corporate bodies, &c. &c. Fellowships, scholarships, exhibitions, patronage, foundations, &c. &c., are all to be found herein; and an excellent index makes every point clear and ready of access.

Hints towards the Formation of Character, with reference chiefly to Social Duties. By a Plain-spoken Englishwoman. Pp. 330. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THERE is more of good sense than of novelty in this volume. It earnestly enforces religious instruction in every minute detail of life; and may otherwise be read with advantage as containing some able advice in regard to family and social duties.

Thoughts on Popery. By the Rev. Dr. W. Nevins. Pp. 212. W. H. Dalton. For the Protestant Association.

ANOTHER of the signs of our polemical and discordant religious times. A strenuous Protestant book from Baltimore, revised by Mr. Isaac Taylor.

A Manual of Devotions for the Holy Communion (from various sources). Pp. 229. J. Toovey.

ANOTHER of a not uncommon class of publications, and, like the rest, well meant and pious.

Lettres de Mad. de Sevigné: éloges par Mad. de Tassu. Pp. 651. From the press of Firmin Didot Frères, and belonging to a new select collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature, with portraits.

THE acknowledged merits of Sevigné's letters supersede any attempt at eulogy. Her portrait is charmingly executed; and Mad. de Tassu's eloquent address gives a new value to this edition.

Willich's Annual Supplement to his Tithes-Commutation Tables, 1844.

ONLY a few pages, but, as heretofore, of the most useful and sterling value. For seven years has Mr. Willich produced these computations, which every individual connected with tithes ought to possess and consult. It appears from the present tables that the average prices for last year were only

50s. 1d. per imperial quarter for wheat,	
29 6	barley,
18 4	" "
	oats;

while the average prices for seven years to Christmas last amount to

61s. 2d. per imperial quarter for wheat,	
32 4	barley,
22 4	" "
	oats.

And each 100l. of rent-charge in 1844 will amount to 104l. 3s. 5½d.

Beads from a Rosary. By T. Westwood, author of "Miscellaneous Poems." 8vo, pp. 109. London, S. Clarke.

A PRETTY enough string of the latest modern school, some of the particulars of which have already appeared in London and provincial periodicals. The necessity for rhyme occasionally betrays the writer into words which do not express his meaning, and he aims with all his power at a spirit which does not always answer to the call. One of the boldest efforts at idea and imagery may speak for the rest—"The Crown of Darkness."

"Lo, Darkness, digging in the mine o' the night,
Doth bring forth star by star, which, having shapen
Into the semblance of a mighty crown,
He circles with its glory the veil'd brow
Of the universal space."

The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his Friend Jack Johnson. By Albert Smith, Esq., author of the "Wassail Bowl," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

THIS clever production has made a popular variety in Bentley's *Miscellany*; but Mr. Smith, aware of the imperfections into which serial

publication must plunge a writer, for the sake of effects and interest has judiciously made a few alterations to improve his work as a three-volume novel. He has hit off manners of "certain classes" very smartly; and, with Leech's congenial cuts, the performance has a new and attractive face.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MICROSCOPIC STRUCTURE OF THE SHELLS OF MOLLUSCA.

IN our report of the recent meeting of the British Association at Cork (No. 1390), we gave a brief account of the interesting discoveries recently made by Dr. Carpenter, of physiological celebrity, in the microscopic structure of the shells of *Mollusca*. Results of considerable importance were made known, which it was thought might infinitely assist the ends of classification; and a sum was granted by the council to aid the microscopist in his researches. We are now happy to inform our readers that Dr. Carpenter is making diligent progress in his inquiries; and we doubt not but that the report he is now preparing for the ensuing meeting at York will contain matter of much additional novelty and interest, especially as regards that remarkable group of mollusks, the *Brachiopoda*. A few evenings since Dr. Carpenter exhibited several of his microscopic preparations at the house of Mr. Lovell Reeve, in the presence of Prof. Owen, Prof. Forbes, Mr. Cumming, and others interested in the subject; and we were much struck by the beautiful manner in which such organic elements of shell were displayed as the crystalline arrangement of the tooth of *Mya*, the prismatic cellular structure of *Pinna*, the plicated shred of *Terebratula*, the tubular structure of *Lima*, the wavy plaiting of *nacra* or mother-o'-pearl, &c. &c.

The microscopic investigations of Dr. Carpenter are still somewhat immature, and several anomalies present themselves—such as, the appearance of the prismatic cellular structure of *Pinna* in the shell of *Pandora*, a genus arranged by conchologists in a family of mollusks of very distinct anatomy; the dissimilarity between the structure of *Lingula* and the rest of the *Brachiopoda*; and a few instances of minor importance, which are rather opposed to the end in view. The general results, however, are of an important character; and several cases might be quoted of the identification of certain genera, inducing affinities which have been meditated by conchologists on independent grounds. The peculiar structure of the shell of *Terebratula* presents an example of this; the separate generic arrangement of that mollusk having been suggested for anatomical reasons under the new title *Atrypa*. The dissimilarity of structure between the shells of *Pecten* and *Lima* singularly harmonises too with an opinion as to their non-affinity expressed by Deshayes, founded upon the habits and anatomy of their animal inhabitants. The value of the microscope as an instrument of geological research must also be at once evident from the fact, that the genera *Terebratula*, *Spirifer*, and *Producta*, may each be distinguished from the other, and all other shells, by the characters supplied by a fragment of shell of the size of a pin's head.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 19. (First Evening Meeting).—Mr. Faraday's "Speculations touching electric conduction and the nature of matter" attracted a very numerous audience. Curiosity was alive to the "speculations" of our far-famed experi-

mental philosopher. He appeared himself to feel his novel position. Indeed, he confessed that he even suspected himself; but that his intention was not so much to broach his own speculations as to examine those respecting the constitution of matter too currently afloat. Electricians, he said, find a difficulty in reconciling phenomena with generally received theories; and his object was to state the facts known, to lead to truth, and to endeavour to satisfy all parties. First, then, what is known as to the constitution of matter? A piece of brimstone, for instance, may be broken up, and divided until it is lost to sense. This has led to the notion of components of matter, of particles, or of atoms. Imagination cannot go beyond this; and what may be said of brimstone may be said of all bodies. The converse idea is, that, by putting together again, building up, as it were, the substance may be reproduced; and this leads to the supposition of the actual contact of the whole. But if heat be applied, the substance will expand; and when cooled, contract; and this, as well as other facts, proves that the particles of matter cannot be in contact. Furthermore, in the cases of steam the particles must be very far apart; for no one can even assume that they are more numerous in steam than in the water. And vapours present a still more enlarged view of this molecular hypothesis. Yet, however far apart these so-called particles may be, they feel and resist each other. Are there, then, such things as particles? and is matter compounded of them, with space between?

What says chemical theory? It goes far greater lengths in molecular constitution, and in imagination it measures and weighs atoms, and builds up very complicated structures with them. But let us not forget that all this is assumption, although founded on the facts of science. Combinations must surely occur in definite proportions; but the theory speaks of the halving and quartering of atoms; and there is a constant and powerful temptation to the hypothetical use of these assumed atoms in any and every way to account for the forms and properties of substances. Such is the case with isomeric bodies; and Dalton, the great founder of the theory of definite proportions, constantly presents that theory under the dress of atoms, endeavouring to shew how they may combine. Hooke, Wollaston, and others, have in a similar manner occupied themselves with atoms, and depicted, as it were, how they might be arranged in space to form bodies of various properties. Berberine and bile were cited as two strong cases of the great extent to which the assumption had been carried. The smallest particle or atom of berberine is said to be made up of 80, and that of bile of 110 elementary atoms.

The phenomena of electricity presented themselves to Faraday as subjects of thought in relation to this supposed constitution of matter, i. e. as consisting of atoms with intervening space. The manner in which bodies conduct appeared to him a searching matter-of-fact examination of the problem. Various bodies present different conducting powers. Metals, or the denser bodies, are the best conductors; and with the electricity of the machine appear to conduct equally: but with voltaic electricity, wherein the quantity is great and the intensity feeble, varying degrees of this power are manifested. If the atoms be assumed to be the medium of conduction, then the following table, which represents, in equal bulks of different metals, the number of chemical atoms, and the conducting power, seems inconsistent with that

assumption: for lead and gold contain nearly the same number of atoms, but gold conducts twelve times as well as lead; iron contains three times as many particles as gold, with only one-sixth of its power; copper and iron are nearly alike in atoms, but the conducting power of one is six times that of the other.

In equal bulks:	
Atoms.	Conducting power.
100 Gold	6 00
100 Silver	4 66
112 Lead	0 52
130 Tin	1 01
220 Platinum	1 04
227 Zinc	1 80
287 Copper	6 33
290 Iron	1 00

Again; consider lac and metal as bodies constituted according to the supposition of atoms with intervening space; then the particles are not continuous throughout, but the space is. Lac is a non-conductor, therefore the space must be a non-conductor; for if it were not, the lac could not insulate. Then pass to the metal: how can it be a conductor if the space between its particles be a non-conductor? for the particles do not touch each other. So, then, metals would shew that space conducts, and non-conductors would shew that it does not conduct. If space in metals be shewn to conduct, then it cannot exist between the atoms of non-conductors; if it be shewn not to conduct in lac, then it cannot exist in metals.

Numerous instances were brought forward in support of this argument. And then Mr. Faraday's own impressions were stated. He conceives that matter may consist of centres of force, and that therefore particle and particle do touch each other, inasmuch as these centres, as constituted by the Creator, are surrounded by atmospheres of power, which constitute the matter. Hence a conception as to size for the supposed nucleus is not required, and matter so imagined is continuous: the sun and earth act equally on each other, and the particles (if there be such things, or, as they may be admitted in language,) of the several planets do touch each other; for power is matter, and the distance between two masses, or two atomic centres, is occupied by powers, not by matter, as commonly conceived. Hence also the idea of material penetrability, and the property to coalesce must exist. Still this, and all that can properly be understood by the word atom, or the atomic theory, is pure assumption, and should be carefully distinguished from facts and laws, and not confounded, by phraseology or meaning, with them; for in the latter case prejudices creep into the mind, and at some important moment of our judgment occupy the place, and possess the weight and influence, which should only belong to a fact or a law; and Mr. Faraday's great object, as we understood it, was to excite a watchfulness in the present times, when the word atom is so freely used, that we do not, either to our own minds or the minds of others, convey more than we mean, or ought to mean; remembering that, in whatever statement or conclusion the word or thought of atom is employed, so much as depends on the word or thought is mere assumption.

Epigram on the "Matter."

Great Faraday, a few days back
The laws of Matter did attack
With wondrous hardihood.
In vain our notions he uproots;
When Faraday the subject moots,
The matter's always good!

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 17.—The president, Mr. Warburton, in the chair. The following papers were read:—

1. "On fossil crustaceans from Atterfield," by Professor Bell. The fossils described were procured by Dr. Fitton in the lower green sand, and belong to the family of *Astacidae*, probably to the genus *Astacus*. 2. "On the occurrence of phosphorite in Estramadura," by Prof. Daubeny and Capt. Weddington. The phosphorite rock, the extent of which had been greatly exaggerated by Spanish writers, is situated at a short distance from Logrosan. It lies in an extensive clay slate formation, and is interstratified with the slate, appearing on the surface for about two miles, presenting a breadth of about 20 feet, and a thickness, as far as could be ascertained, of 10 feet. Its presence does not appear to communicate fertility to the soil. Its analysis yielded phosphate of lime, associated with fluoride of calcium, peroxide of iron, and silica. The authors examined it with a view to its employment as a manure; but great difficulties exist with regard to its transportation. 3. "On the cretaceous strata of New Jersey and other parts of the United States," by Mr. Lyell. The author proves, from a careful examination of their fossils, that the ferruginous and green sand formations of New Jersey correspond to the uppermost part of the cretaceous system in Europe. Four or five out of 60 fossil shells are identical with European species, giving an agreement of 7 per cent; whilst a greater number of the remainder are nearly allied to, or represent species from the middle and upper part of the European cretaceous beds. Teeth of sharks, some of them allied to known cretaceous forms, and vertebrae of *Mososaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, accompany them. The upper fossiliferous divisions of the New Jersey cretaceous deposit observed by Mr. Lyell at Timber Creek, near Philadelphia,—judging from the evidence afforded by certain of its fossils, of which, however, the greater part (especially of the corals) are new,—must be regarded as equivalent to the uppermost (Maestricht) beds in Europe. Among the echinoderms and foraminifera are several characteristic cretaceous forms.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 22.—Mr. Murchison in the chair. Resumed and concluded Lieut. Christopher's account of his explorations on the north-east coast of Africa, from Kilwa to Hafin, and of the discovery and character of an important river, to which he has given the name of Haines, after the political agent at Aden. Haines river, it appears, takes its rise somewhere at the foot of the southern slope of the great Abyssinian plateau, and, after a long and winding course through the plains, approaches to within ten miles of the sea, in about 1° 40' N. lat. and 44° 35' E. long., at a place called Galwen, whence it runs parallel with the coast to Barawa, a distance of about 45 miles; and then diverging a little inland eventually empties itself into a lake having no known outlet. Between the river and the sea runs a range of sand hills, about 200 feet high, through which, it appears, much of the water reaches the sea by infiltration: it is every where met with along the coast, in this part, near the surface, and at a very little distance above high-water mark.

The country on the banks of the river, where visited by Lieut. Christopher, was found to consist of a rich soil, well cultivated by a happy and hospitable race. Grain ripens all the year, and yields from 80 to 150 fold. 1300 lbs. of jouari were obtained for one dollar! Lieut. Christopher is of opinion, that, with proper cultivation, every luxury of the East might be here produced with facility. The population

is represented as considerable; and along the coast the inhabitants were in some places found living in fine stone dwellings—the probable remains of Portuguese establishments.

The business of the evening being concluded, Mr. H. Ritchin obligingly read to the meeting a portion of a letter received by him from Mr. W. Scott, and dated Macao, 11th Sept., 1843. The extract is as follows: "I must conclude, however, now with a notice about the sickness at Hongkong, which, from the social position of the persons who have fallen victims, is likely to be much talked of and written about. Capt. Morgan, Messrs. Mercer, Ellworthy, Dyer, Scott, and Morrison, all fell sick at the same end of the island, near and in a beautiful valley, which I and many others always said would prove unhealthy, and the result has shown that we were right. The valley of Wang Nei Ching is surrounded by very lofty mountains on all sides, forming an amphitheatre of vast surface, from which there is only a small opening to the bay, of about 200 yards across. I maintained that the annual plants and herbage dying on these immense slopes give out in their decomposition a sufficient quantity of malaria to cause fever to a great height in the valley. The centre of the island, where I lived, has been healthy. I passed the last six weeks there, and none of us were attacked. At the West-point Barracks numerous deaths occurred; but this can be accounted for by the very injudicious construction of the houses, which were not at all adapted to the climate."

This seems to confirm an opinion expressed at the last meeting of the society, when Mr. Johnston's paper on Hongkong was read, that the unhealthiness of the island, so much complained of, may, after all, prove to be confined to particular spots.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Jan. 10.—Dr. Roget, vice-president, in the chair. The secretary read a long paper on the means of cleansing daily the carriage and foot-pavements of the whole of the metropolis, including about 170 parishes, extending over an area of 13½ square miles, or 40,874,200 superficial yards. The whole extent of carriage-way included in the metropolitan districts, embraces an area of 6,246,902 superficial yards; and as one of Mr. Whitworth's street-sweeping machines is capable of sweeping 19,280 yards in eight hours (say from midnight till eight in the morning), it would require 323 machines to perform the whole work daily. The cost is calculated, after deducting the value of manure, ashes, &c., at somewhat more than 20s. per house, but not to exceed an average of 28s. 6d. per house for both carriage and footways, the latter extending over 1,041,150 superficial yards. If manual labour were employed to clean the above area of carriage-way, it was stated that 3120 men would be required to do the work daily.—Mr. Thompson's fire-escape, and a model of Mr. Prosser's wooden railways, and of his carriage, were exhibited and explained to the meeting.

Jan. 24.—Mr. D. Pollock in the chair. Mr. Ross explained his hygro-barometer, which has been so arranged that the height of the barometer-column and the depression of the dew-point may be registered from mere inspection; and these two elements are so combined as to exhibit in a popular manner the real state of the weather. The instrument consists of a barometer of the usual construction, and two thermometers, the bulb of one of which is kept continually moist by a small skein of silk im-

mersed in water, contained in a fountain-bottle placed between them. In the centre of the frame is an engraved table of figures to shew numerically the depression of the dew-point below the existing temperature. It consists of two columns—the one headed "temperate," and the other the "difference of temperature;" opposite to the figures of the first are others horizontally arranged, which refer to the ordinary thermometer, and large figures on the upper line of the second column referring to the difference of the indications of the two thermometers. Above this table is an ivory sliding-scale on the right hand, and a fixed scale on the left; the former, to indicate the barometer, is marked with divisions corresponding with 10th of inches of the ordinary scale; and the latter, to apply to the hygrometer, has divisions corresponding with degrees of depression of the dew-point as given by the table: a brass index slides in, and moves with the sliding barometric scale, and points to the fixed hygrometric one, which has the usual words "rain," "changeable," and "fine," engraved upon it. The places of "rain," "changeable," and "fine," have been fixed from a mean of three years' meteorological journals of the Royal Society.—Several modern stoves were afterwards described.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 17.—Mr. J. S. Bowerbank in the chair. The secretary made some observations upon the structure of some human bones which had been discovered in a bog about 10 feet below the surface. When first taken up they were as black as ebony, but on drying the colour had changed to a dark brown. The specific gravity was exactly twice that of water. The most remarkable circumstance connected with these bones was the fact of the earthy matter, not only having penetrated into the Haversian canals, but had made its way from them through the canaliculi into the osseous corpuscles. The specimens exhibited had been boiled in Canada balsam to render them very transparent, and to shew the great contrast between the corpuscles which had been filled with earthy matter and those which were still empty. The same fact had been noticed by Mr. Ince in the bones of a mummy. The author stated that he had not been able to succeed in filling the corpuscles by injection.—Mr. Dalrymple alluded to a portion of a skull of a Peruvian, in the Haversian canals of which he had observed not only a single vessel running in the canal, but a number of capillaries on the walls of the canals. Dr. Goodfellow mentioned that he had seen the osseous corpuscles artificially filled by Mr. Tomes.—Mr. Quekett then made another communication on the arrangement of the blood-vessels in the lower part of the lung of the chameleon, which were so precisely like those in the air-bladder of the eel, that it left no doubt in his mind of the respiratory function of that organ.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Jan. 20, 1844.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of 2d, 8th, and 15th Jan.—M. Chares Dupin succeeded M. Dumas as president, and M. Elie de Beaumont was elected the vice-president for the year 1844.

This letter, because of the arrears from unavoidable circumstances, will only include brief notices of the more prominent features of the academy meetings.

M. Dufrenoy submitted fragments of obsi-

dian which had detonated, quite unexpectedly, under the saw. The diameter of the specimen, nearly spheroidal, being cut, was about 10". When the saw had passed two-thirds through, a hissing was heard, and was immediately followed by a loud detonation. Half of the stone imbedded in cement remained unbroken; the other half, free, was divided, by the explosion, into numerous fragments, which were driven violently in all directions.

M. Malaguti announces a work relating to the action of chlorine on ethers.

M. Scoutetten has performed tracheotomy successfully in the case of a girl six weeks old in the last stage of croup. The details were communicated to encourage timid practitioners, and to exhibit the extraordinary resources of nature in early age.

M. Colla wrote from Parma that on the evening of the 8th December, between 5^h 40^m and 6^h 50^m, a slight aurora borealis was visible there; and that it was accompanied by a very considerable magnetic disturbance.

Mr. E. Cooper wrote from Nice that he had observed an extensive appearance of shooting-stars during the night of the 28th and 29th of December last.

M. Lefort has noted the coincidence of the recent shocks of earthquake in the Channel and the French coast, and of the waters of the artesian well of Grenelles, previously clear, being loaded with sand and mud.

M. Fuster read portions of a work which he was about to publish, to be entitled "Recherches sur le climat de la France." They had reference to the state of the climate of Gaul one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. According to Latin authors the country was then almost entirely covered with forests, which seem to have been the chief cause of very inclement seasons.

M. Robinet forwarded a memoir on the formation of silk. His conclusions are, that the silk passes from a simple and membranous orifice placed in a conic and fleshy appendage adherent to the lower lip of the silkworm. It arrives at this opening by a single short channel, formed by the union of the silky tubes. The anterior portion of these is capillary, swelling in the middle to form a reservoir. The posterior part consists of a very prolonged slender cylinder, and is probably the secretory organ. The silk exists in a thick liquid state, gelatinous in the two posterior portions of the organ. It solidifies in the capillary tube. The worm compresses its thread by contractions of an elbow which the two capillary tubes form at their point of junction, and is thus enabled to arrest the excretion of the silk, and to suspend itself by its thread. The silk owes its colour to a dye which it meets in the reservoir; it is previously colourless. The conic form of the thread is due to a progressive shrinking of the capillary tubes, which are to be considered the drawing-plates, or mould, of the silk. All the other phenomena which give rise to the supposition that the silk existed in the reservoir in the state of thread, are said to be easily explained by the fact of solidification in the capillary tubes before their union. The phenomenon of solidification, that is, the influence under which the liquid silky matter in the capillary tubes takes the form of a solid thread, remains to be explained. When M. Robinet broke the capillary thread of the silk-reservoir as near the junction as possible, he succeeded in drawing out the silk to many decimetres in length—a result which, he thinks, no one ever previously obtained. He effected it under water.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 15.—Being the first day of term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. H. M. Colston, fellow of New College.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. Mozley, Oriel College; Rev. W. Gill, Exeter College; Rev. E. Pigot, Rev. T. Green, Brasenose Coll.; R. Walker, Lincoln College.
Bachelors of Arts.—W. E. D. Carter, fellow of New College; W. F. Boyd, New Inn Hall; T. J. Brereton, Christ Church.

The Classical Museum. No. III. London, J. W. Parker.

ONE of the best classical dissertations we have read for a long while on a subject attended by many doubts and perplexities, i. e. "the rhythmic declamation of the ancients," appears among the principal papers in this No., and is signed John S. Blackie. If not altogether convincing, it at any rate displays great research and learning. Among the less elaborate notices is one on Ernestus Curtius' *Anecdota Delphica*, from which we copy the following information:

"Next to Athens there is no place in Greece where so many inscriptions, partly of a religious and partly of a profane nature, have been discovered as at Delphi. A great many are contained in Boeckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum*, and their number has been increased by Ross, Col. Leake, Thiersch, and Ulrichs. The *Anecdota Delphica* of Dr. Curtius contain sixty-eight new and hitherto unpublished inscriptions of great importance. In the prolegomena to his work, he gives a brief outline of the topography of Delphi, and an account of the spot where the new inscriptions were found, and of their condition. They are all written upon a wall, which forms a substruction of the temple of Apollo, and was laid open by Müller and Curtius. It is said to have subsequently disappeared; but it is most probable that it was covered over again by the people of Castritæ. The age of the majority of the inscriptions is fixed by Curtius as being the third century B.C. The subjects which they commemorate are manumissions of slaves, and decrees of the Delphic Amphictyons, and of the city of Delphi; and Dr. Curtius is thus led to give an elaborate account of these subjects, his information being chiefly derived from the inscriptions themselves. The most interesting part is the dissertation upon the various modes of manumission among the Greeks, and the forms in which they were effected, pp. 10-47. After these dissertations, the author gives the inscriptions themselves in the ordinary Greek characters, with short critical notes. Then follow several appendices: 1. On an Egyptian papyrus, containing an act of manumission in Greek. 2. On the Delphic dialect. 3. A list of proper names occurring in the inscriptions; and 4. Explanation of the plates, and a catalogue of the inscriptions in capital letters. Dr. Curtius has made the best use of the materials furnished him by his inscriptions; and his disquisitions have brought to light many things which give us a clearer insight into the life of the ancient Greeks (and more especially the Delphians) than it was possible to obtain previous to the discovery of these inscriptions."

From another short review, we learn that "in his third essay Dr. Gennarelli enters into a general survey of the various branches of Etruscan art, in all its known manifestations, architectural, plastic, and pictorial, as well as monetary. He maintains, with great earnestness of conviction, as well as by very powerful arguments, the nationality of Etruscan art, and controverts the opinion of those who refer the

best specimens now existing to Grecian artists. The number of objects of art which have been extracted from various parts of Etruria by the excavations of the last fifteen years is prodigious: not less than 30,000 painted vases have been found, and an aggregate of other objects hardly less considerable. With respect to many of the vases, there is full proof that they were fabricated on the spot where they were dug up: in the neighbourhood of Vulci a species of earth is found which precisely corresponds with the material used in the numerous terra-cotta vases excavated in the necropolis of that city; and near the site of the ancient Tarquinii a deposit of black earth has recently been detected, analogous to the material of the archaic black vases discovered thereabouts (p. 136). A great variety of marks or cyphers, in Etruscan characters, are inscribed upon these vases. Dr. Gennarelli has collected and printed nearly a hundred of these Etruscan marks, which must, in most cases, have been affixed before the vase was submitted to the fire. From the paintings on the walls of Chiusi and Tarquinii we see that these vases were in ordinary use in all the details of Tuscan life; nor is there any reason to dispute the testimony of Pliny, that they were extensively exported to foreign countries. The *specchi graffiti*, or bronze mirrors, with engraved designs, are altogether peculiar to Etruria: nothing of the kind has yet been found in Greece: among these are to be seen some highly finished specimens of art, one of which is annexed to the dissertation of Dr. Gennarelli. Grecian inscriptions are sometimes found upon articles dug up in the Etrurian cities, but often upon articles of bad workmanship as well as good; and what is still more curious, they are often so unintelligible and miswritten as to have the appearance of proceeding from authors imperfectly acquainted with the language. Not a single Grecian tomb has yet been discovered amongst the excavations in Etruria. All the assemblage of accompanying circumstances seems to countenance the belief that the numerous relics of ancient art found in the country are the productions of indigenous skill and talent; and Dr. Gennarelli may fairly claim to have made out this part of his case. Dr. Gennarelli believes too implicitly the statement of Pliny (H. N. xxxv. 3), that the pictures which he had seen and admired in the temples of Ardea, Lanuvium, and Cære, were of a date more ancient than the foundation of Rome. But the great and rich sepulchre, which was opened in 1829, on the site of the ancient Cære, exhibits remarkable evidences as to the antiquity of Etruscan art. From the structure of the arch, which resembles in its superposed horizontal layers that of the treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, we may infer that it was anterior to the Cloaca Maxima at Rome, or to the sixth century before the Christian era. In this tomb were found a profusion of ornaments and divers utensils, in gold, silver, bronze, and terra-cotta: these articles are now in the Gregorian Museum, and many of them are executed with a degree of skill and delicacy truly remarkable. We find thus an interesting proof of the art as well as of the wealth in the ancient Cære or Agylla, at a period certainly not later than 600 B.C., when Greece had but little to boast of in any department of artistic execution. The dissertation of Dr. Gennarelli gives much curious detail about this tomb, as well as respecting recent excavations at Chiusi, which have tended greatly to illustrate the account delivered by Varro of the colossal tomb of Porsena, near that spot."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Medical, 8 P.M.
 Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.
 Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
 Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
 Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy Medals.—We find we were led into error by the information copied into our last No. on this subject. The medals there mentioned were given for the 9th of last December—those for the present year are all of silver (those of gold being only awarded every alternate year), and as follow:—

A silver medal for the best drawing of an Academy figure.

A silver medal for the best model of ditto.

A silver medal for the best drawing of a statue or group, accompanied by drawings of a hand and foot as large as life.

A silver medal for the best model of a statue or group.

Two silver medals for the two best copies made in the painting-school.

One silver medal for the best die in steel: subject, Head of the Apollo.

The subjects in the antique-school will be selected by the keeper.

School of Design.—It is but too true that the rumours in the newspapers of the hasty disruption of the school did take place; but, on more mature consideration, matters have been restored to their proper position, and all is well again.

Western Literary Institution.—Mr. George Godwin commenced a short course of lectures here on Thursday, the 25th, on the progress of architecture, under the title of "History in brick and stone." The main object was to popularise this subject, and to shew that it offered matter for interesting study to all cultivated minds, and had a story as amusing and exciting as many fictions. Ideas expressed in earth and stone by the contemporaries of the Pharaohs remain to us almost uninjured, and serve by association to repeople the wastes wherein they stand, and to call back to the mind remembrance of the whole course of past events. The buildings of the Druids, the Mexicans, the Indians, and the Egyptians, formed the subject of the lecture, illustrated by numerous diagrams. The prevalence of pyramidal monuments in various parts of the world is a curious subject, and was dwelt on at some length;—the tower of Babel and the great pyramids of Egypt and Mexico were but elaborations of the simple earthen mound. We are apt, in the bustle of to-day, observed Mr. Godwin, to forget entirely the past. Every thing which serves to take us back to the early periods of the world's history, to force upon our notice the age of prophecy, the foundation of Christianity, the rise and fall of states, must tend not merely to interest but improve the inquirer.

Proof Impressions of Twenty-two Designs in Outline, illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress. By H. C. Selous, and engraved by H. Moses. For the Art-Union Society.

We are gratified by the genius displayed in these prints. The illustration of *Pilgrim's Progress* is a task of no mean difficulty. The number of allegories to be impersonated is a fearful claim upon the imagination, and judgment, and handling of the ablest artist that

ever handled a crayon or brush. And another great obstacle to success is presented by the circumstance that the ideals of the author are all homely, rather coarse, and addressed to the apprehension of the least-educated classes, whereas the painter must refine them for the eye of even the same order of persons, not to speak of those more conversant with the requisites of art. Under these and other disadvantages unnecessary to point out, Mr. Selous has, in our opinion, acquitted himself honourably. Retzsch and the German school are his models; but in many of the designs he has struck out laudable features for himself. Vanity Fair is a capital composition; and Discretion, in another print, a figure charmingly conceived. In other cases, such as Fear and Mistrust, Folly, Sloth and Idleness, &c., it seems to have been impossible to express the character of the passion or vice in a manner to be understood. There is a fine freedom of pencilling throughout; and, with occasional daring in foreshortening of limbs to an extent we cannot praise, a general command of anatomical study, which is much to be admired. Altogether as a companion to so popular a work as John Bunyan's, the public have reason to be well content with Mr. Selous's performance.

Leaves from the Book of Nature. Part I. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Highley.

SIXTY-EIGHT subjects of natural history, on five sheets, of a large (demy) size, coloured to the life, are the pictured attractions of this publication. The *Naturalist's Library* may be consulted for the descriptions, and this apparently a new and pretty form of its fishes, quadrupeds, birds, and insects. It is sweetly done.

Brockedon's Italy. Part XX. (Duncan and Malcolm) completes this splendid performance, in which the historical, classical, and picturesque beauties of the country are so finely preserved. It is dedicated to Prince Albert; and of sixty plates, perhaps about forty are new to English eyes, and realised by the talents of Eastlake, Stanfield, Roberts, Harding, and other eminent artists. We have so often spoken of it in its progress, that it would be absurd to dwell more on its finish than to declare that in every respect good faith has been kept with the subscribers and the public, and that the volume is a splendid ornament to the richest collections.

Roberts's Holy Land. Parts XI. XII. and XIII. (somewhat irregularly, but yet completely published) present a series of the finest subjects which the genius of Roberts has yet given to the public. Increase of interest, like increase of appetite, must grow by feeding on such delightful productions. Dr. Croly's letter-press continues to illustrate these sacred efforts of the pencil.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON.

OUR warm regard and esteem for Mr. Loudon have operated upon our mind so as to cause a reluctance to approach our present task, which we have postponed from time to time in the hope of being able to execute it with more of composure and less of feeling. But the very taking up of the subject renews our regrets; and we must do our best to write a brief biography of our late friend, and one who contributed many valued papers to the *Lit. Gaz.*

Mr. Loudon, who died at his house in Bayswater on the 14th of December, was the son of a Lothian farmer, near Edinburgh, and brought up in a good school both for agriculture

and horticulture. He was born on the 8th of April, 1783, at Cambuslang, in the county of Lanark, where his mother's only sister resided, herself the mother of the Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan, celebrated for his philanthropic labours in India. Mr. Loudon was educated as a landscape-gardener, and began practice in 1803, when he came to England with high recommendations; many of which were from Dr. Coventry, professor of agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, under whom he had studied, and with whom he was a great favourite. He afterwards took a large farm in Oxfordshire, where he resided in 1809. In the years 1813, 14, 15, he made the tour of northern Europe, visiting Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Austria; in 1819 he travelled through Italy, and in 1828 through Germany and France. His career as an author (says the memoir from which we have taken the foregoing particulars) began in 1803, when he was only twenty years old, and it continued with very little interruption during the space of forty years, being only concluded by his death. The first works he published* were:—"Observations on laying out Public Squares," in 1803, and on "Plantations," in 1804; a "Treatise on Hothouses," in 1805, and on "Country Residences," in 1806, both 4to; "Hints on the Formation of Gardens," in 1812; and three works on "Hothouses," in 1817 and 1818. In 1822 appeared the first edition of the "Encyclopædia of Gardening;" a work remarkable for the immense mass of useful matter which it contained, and for the then unusual circumstance of a great quantity of woodcuts being mingled with the text: this book obtained an extraordinary sale, and fully established his fame as an author. Soon after was published an anonymous work, written either partly or entirely by Mr. Loudon, called the "Greenhouse Companion;" and shortly afterwards, "Observations on laying out Farms," in folio, with his name. In 1824, a second edition of the "Encyclopædia of Gardening" was published, with very great alterations and improvements; and the following year appeared the first edition of the "Encyclopædia of Agriculture." In 1826, the "Gardener's Magazine" was commenced, being the first periodical ever devoted exclusively to horticultural subjects. The "Magazine of Natural History," also the first of its kind, was begun in 1828. Mr. Loudon was now occupied in the preparation of the "Encyclopædia of Plants," which was published early in 1829, and was speedily followed by the "Hortus Britannicus." In 1830, a second and nearly re-written edition of the "Encyclopædia of Agriculture" was published, and this was followed by an entirely re-written edition of the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," in 1831; and the "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture," the first he published on his own account, in 1832. This last work was one of the most successful, because it was one of the most useful, he ever wrote; and it is likely long to continue a standard book on the subjects of which it treats. Mr. Loudon now began to prepare his great and, in a pecuniary point of view, ruinous work, the "Arboretum Britannicum," the anxieties attendant on which were, undoubtedly, the primary cause of that decay of constitution which terminated in his death. This work was not, however, completed till 1838, at the cost, it is

* His first communication which appeared in print was, however, a biographical notice of the celebrated Abell, written, when he was only eighteen, for "Shrarton's Encyclopædia," which is in the possession of Mr. Sopwith of Newcastle.

said, of upwards of 10,000l.; and in the mean time he began the "Architectural Magazine," the first periodical devoted exclusively to architecture. The labour he underwent at this time was almost incredible. He had four periodicals, viz. the "Gardener's," "Natural History," and "Architectural Magazines," and the "Arboretum Britannicum," which last was originally published in monthly numbers, going on at the same time; and, to produce these at the proper periods, he literally worked night and day. Immediately on the conclusion of the "Arboretum Britannicum," he began the "Suburban Gardener," which was also published in 1838, as was the "Hortus Lignosus Londinensis;" and in 1839 appeared his edition of Repton's "Landscape Gardening." In 1840 he accepted the editorship of the "Gardener's Gazette," which he retained till November 1841; and in 1842 he published his "Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs." In the same year he completed his "Suburban Horticulturist;" and finally, in 1843, he published his work on "Cemeteries," the last separate work he ever wrote. In this list many minor productions of Mr. Loudon's pen have necessarily been omitted; but it may be mentioned, that he contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and Brande's "Dictionary of Science;" and that he published numerous supplements, from time to time, to his various works.

We are inclined to believe that no other individual ever produced so vast a mass of useful and valuable publication. To look back upon it is absolutely startling; and we cannot but wonder that even forty years of industry could have furnished such a pile of research, observation, and sound advice upon the important subjects on which he exercised the alchemy of mind and incessant labours of the pen. In the latter, we may state, he was for years most effectually assisted by his able and gifted partner, herself the author, not only of many recent works allied to the pursuits of her husband, but in former times, when Miss Webb, a writer of imaginative and fictitious productions, which were justly admired. Of these "The Mummy" was the most original and popular.

In consequence of the excessive labour which he devoted to the compilation of the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," (says a well-informed writer in the "Newcastle Journal," "Mr. Loudon fell into ill health in 1821; and the additional expenses to which he was thus rendered liable, by having to employ draughtsmen and an amanuensis to write, and a servant to act as valet, tended materially to lessen the pecuniary advantages he might have reaped from his labours. These, continued with untiring zeal, at length finally undermined his constitution, and an attack of inflammation of the lungs terminated in chronic bronchitis, which forbade all hope of his again resuming his professional duties as a landscape gardener; and this veteran of science and literature may be truly said to have fallen a victim to that neglect which has too often been in this country the only return for the most substantial and enduring benefits. Those who knew Mr. Loudon in private life will long entertain a deep regret for his loss, and will always cherish a remembrance of his truly excellent character and disposition. His vast and comprehensive talents were indeed 'clothed with humility,' and were freely offered wherever they could be of use. He was most affectionate in all the relations of private life, generous in hospitality, candid in expressing his opinions, and an untiring and zealous advocate of every moral and social improvement, setting forth at all times

an example of honourable industry and of public and private worth. He was a member of many of the leading scientific societies of Europe, and none have laboured with greater zeal in the several departments to which his energies were directed."

Pressed by circumstances, not long before his lamented death than the 1st of the month Mr. Loudon addressed the following project to a number of public men and persons of note in literature and science:—

"I hope you will excuse me if I beg your particular attention to the following printed page respecting a publication of mine, relating to trees and shrubs, entitled the 'Arboretum Britannicum.' You will observe that it is a book calculated to be of great use to landed proprietors, as well as to all who take an interest in the subject on which it treats; and hence, if you do not already possess it, I earnestly hope that the utility of the book, and the circumstances detailed in the printed page referred to, may induce you to order a copy. But should you either already possess the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' or not desire to possess it, then I respectfully beg leave to direct your attention to the abridgment of that work, entitled 'An Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs,' and to the other publications enumerated in the last page of this sheet, hoping that you may think it worth while to order one or more of them, which, in my particular case, I shall consider an act of very great kindness and liberality."

The strong hand of fate interfered between this touching announcement and any fruition for its author; but we trust it will not be suffered to remain a dead letter, for the sake of his widow and infant daughter; to whom we also hope the consideration of the Crown, through the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, may be extended.*

The "Arboretum" plunged Mr. Loudon into debt, of which 2400*l.* remains to be liquidated, not only out of its own sale, but out of the sale of his other works, mortgaged to cover its expenses. Were they freed from this incubance—and 350 copies would do it—the produce of all his literary property would revert to his family—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

A few days before he died, Mr. Loudon sent off the plan of a cemetery to Bath; and we record it with deep sorrow, not more than a week before that, he addressed to us the subjoined concise but melancholy summary of some of his toils and sufferings:

"No man, perhaps, has ever written so much under such adverse circumstances as Mr. Loudon. Many years ago, when he first came to England (in 1803), he had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which disabled him for two years, and ended in an ankylosed knee and a contracted left arm. In the year 1820, whilst compiling the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' he had another severe attack of rheumatism; and the following year, being recommended to go to Brighton to get shampoosed in Mahomed's baths, his right arm was there broken near the shoulder, and it never properly united. Notwithstanding this, he continued to write with his right hand till 1825, when the arm was broken a second time; and he was then obliged to have it amputated, but not before a general breaking up of the frame had commenced, and the thumb and two fingers of the left hand had been rendered useless. Since that time Mr. Loudon has published a

number of works, the most ruinous and laborious of which is the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' and which has, unfortunately, not yet paid itself."

How strange and afflicting it is to read such statements respecting such a man! The literary race are charged by the worldly with being careless, inconsiderate, extravagant, and improvident, and consequently that they deservedly live in trouble and die in poverty. Mr. Loudon was neither careless, inconsiderate, extravagant, nor improvident; on the contrary, he was prudent, industrious, and inexpensive in all his habits; but could he escape from the lot of his brethren? By his pen he made fortunes; but the fortunes were not his! Instead of being independent, he was in debt and difficulty: we have letters from him on this subject perfectly heart-rending, though his constant and assiduous employment, and naturally cheerful disposition, prevented his heart from being broken by the burden, or torn to pieces by its consequences. To the last he was (we are informed) most cruelly harassed by the difficulties attendant on his publishing debts, though Mr. Joseph Strutt, whose magnificent arboretum at Derby he had laid out, had the besides generosity to offer to lend him 500*l.* besides taking ten copies of the "Arboretum Britannicum," (100*l.*) to aid him in his distress.

And we would fain ask, if it be reasonable in the world to demand of its poets, authors, and laborious cultivators of science, for the advantage of all, to be at the same time clever accountants, precise calculators, and most punctual men of business? It is demanding two natures in one being; and as well might it require from the banker's clerk an epic, from the merchant's counting-house a history, and from the docks or tradesman's desk a noble romance or incomparable treatise on the highest human philosophy or abstract science! We do not stand forward to excuse the negligence of literary and scientific men; but they are more sinned against than sinning; and it would be well of those who reproach them, if they were less ready to take advantage of their inaccuracies—prey, rob, and live upon their errors—and revile, wrong, and plunder them whenever opportunity offered!

But to conclude with Mr. Loudon:—he was an Enthusiast in his profession, and *labor ipse voluptas* was never more true with any author than with him. He relaxed not for a moment, though he saw others get wealth by his productions, whilst he, the producer, struggled on, even when most successful, in the humblest competency. His work on gardening was admirable; but whilst he taught and enabled others to have sumptuous grounds and gardens, his own plot of ground at his Bayswater cottage was very small. We blame none; but it is a singular fact to consider how many draftsmen, woodcutters, engravers, paper-makers, bookbinders, publishers, booksellers, and even subordinate gardeners and workmen, made much money or were enriched by a participation in Loudon's labours, while he, the origin and inventor of all, never could realise enough to set him above the necessity for continued toil and exertion. He that did so much for the agriculture of his country had need from his soul to repeat the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread!" What lovely flowers and beautiful and useful trees now delight us in spring, in summer, and in autumn, in every corner of our island, for which we are indebted to the energy and enterprise of Loudon! Shall his wife and child, then, be

doomed to a winter of barrenness and discomfort? for the honour of our country and our nature we hope not. For him, what remains?—a grief that a man so exemplary, so devoted, so estimable, and so beneficial to his fellow-men, should have left nothing but his Works to be his Monument.

H. P. Briggs, Esq., R.A.—We have to lament the death of this very able artist, at his residence in Bruton Street, on the 18th, at the premature age of fifty-one. Mr. Briggs, we believe, died of consumption, by which fatal malady he lost his wife two or three years ago. Except a few portraits, Mr. Briggs has done little for a considerable time: these, as the admirers of the arts go, were of a high quality, so as to support his reputation, though it must be ill to paint while dying of consumption. Several children are left; but we are gratified to say well provided for against the accidents of artists' world.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Monday the comedy of *Richard the Third* was produced at this theatre, the principal part by Mr. Charles Kean. We have often had occasion to notice the ingenuity and talent with which ambitious actors have introduced new readings of passages into plays which had become traditional on the stage; but it seems to have been reserved for Mr. Kean to invent an entirely new representation of so familiar a character as that of the crouch-backed tyrant. He drew him certainly neither as history, Shakspeare, or Horace Walpole, have depicted him; but as a sort of medium between the sanguinary Richard and the "merrie monarch," King Charles the Second. Nothing could be more amusing than the facetious style in which all the earlier scenes were enacted. The courtship of Lady Anne was one of the best pieces of badinage that could be witnessed; and "Off with his head—so much for Buckingham," was a pleasantry not to be surpassed. In short, Richard appeared, in his novel conception, to be what is called a very knowing chap, his by-play intimating how cleverly he was doing the flats, and raising hearty laughs among the audience by his winks, nods, gestures, and other demonstrations of that biting fact. We do not know that Keeley could do it better. The house was crowded in every quarter; the applause even greater than the laughter; and the mounting of the comedy, in scenery, costume, and processions, &c., most effective.

Haymarket.—The principal feature of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, played here for several past nights, is the *Falstaff* of Strickland. Another great attraction to this little theatre has been the graceful and wonderful performances of the Risleys, to whom we were among the first to direct favourable public attention.

The Lyceum announces a new opening on Monday, with a company chiefly composed of amateurs, some of them well known and highly praised for their performances, and a few professional actors, under the able and experienced generalship of R. B. Peake.

Strand.—*Dissolving Views*, written and arranged by Mr. Selby, is the novelty of the week. It is a lively farce, played capitally by Hammond, the chief actor of the piece in *propria persona*, as well as fantocini-like in shadow. Much of the fun is dependent on this latter effect, which is famously managed, and gives the title to the farce. We have to apologise to two gentlemen of this establishment: an

* Mr. Loudon's suggestions and skilful offices concerning the royal parks almost constitute him a servant of the government.—*Ed. L. G.*

error of the press last week presented them as ladies.

Astley's.—Throughout the week Mr. Batty has revived *Waterloo* with great spirit and increased effect; Hougemont and the Highlanders being prominent on the canvass. We believe the theatre will be also open during at least the early days of next week; so great is the public curiosity, and of course so anxious the desire of the manager to gratify it.

Théâtre Français, King Street.—We have to notice the commencement of the third season of French plays at this house. The programme for the present year presents to the patrons of these performances fresh proofs of the spirit and ability of Mr. Mitchell, the lessee. In addition to the old favourite pieces and performers, many new ones are forthcoming; and, judging from the flattering beginning, there can be little doubt that this will surpass the last season in novelty and brilliancy. On Monday three new pieces were performed, of all which it is our gratification to be able to speak in praise. *La Famille Improvisée* introduced to the London public a Mons. Barqui, one of the numerous tribe of monopolylogue players; his five changes are perfect, particularly the last, *la mère Triton*, an old woman with a verbosity and volubility without a parallel. M. Barqui was well received. *L'Aumônier du Régiment* brought forth Achard, the pride of the Palais Royale Theatre. His *entrée* was hailed with loud general applause. His singing greatly augments the effect of his acting; his voice is a tenor, soft, clear, and well modulated. He was rapturously encored in "*Honneur à l'empereur*," the song and the subject being both adapted to call into play the sympathy of the French portion of the audience. M. Achard's mild and genial deportment, and sleek and supple appearance, as the military priest, were well assumed. Cartigny and Lienard made their bows, and were noticed with marked expressions of favour. *Bruno le Filleur* gave us another character of Achard. The contrast between the two characters of priest and journeyman weaver is astonishingly great; and for a workman, judging by English notions, he is a most extraordinary creature. *Bruno* was pretty well played by Lienard; but his powers are not equal to it: he gets through the comic part easily; but when he has to display his anger at the turpitude of his cousin, his paroxysms were too extravagant; he flung his arms and his head about with almost farcical violence. Achard's delineation of *Conturien* was most entertaining and finished.

Mr. Wilson's Concerts.—On Monday evening, at the Music Hall, Store Street, Mr. Wilson gave for the first time his musical entertainment, entitled "*Mary Queen of Scots*,"—an entertainment, he briefly mentioned, prepared about eighteen months ago, and only prevented being brought before the public at that time by severe domestic affliction. Mr. Wilson said he owed it to himself to state this, as he might otherwise seem to be trenching on ground already occupied. To this we scarcely need add that we, in common with others, were fully aware of the fact. But to return to the entertainment of Monday last. Mr. Wilson first spoke of the difficulty of finding authentic melodies of Mary's time, and expressed his belief that nothing but the titles of songs of that day remained: the want of airs suitable to the words was evident. All that perfect delivery could do was achieved by Mr. Wilson; and the "*First blast of the trumpet*," to the old air of "*Donald Couper*," was especially given with genuine

humour and spirit: similarly also "*Carle, noo the Queen's come*." The only deviation from Scotch music was in the instance of "*The last lay of Chatelard*," set to an exquisite old French melody. We did not like the "*Queen's bonnie Maries*," one of her most romantic fancies, figuring to the tune of the "*Highland lad*," better known to the English as the "*White cockade*." Nor do we approve of that most sweet of Scotch airs, "*Waly, waly*," being wedded to "*Queen Mary's lament*," which has only six lines to the verse: the repetition of the last two lines is forced. "*Waly, waly*," runs thus:

"Oh, waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly by yon burnie side,
Where I an' my love were wont to gae;
I leant my back unto an ake,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent, and syne it brake,
And sae did my fause love to me."

"*Queen Mary's lament*" is:

"The poorest mother in the land
Can take her babe upon her knee,
And soothe his griefs wi' accents bland,
Or kiss the tear-drap frae his ee;
Yet, though I'm queen of fair Scotland,
They've ta'en my infant son frae me."

Mr. Wilson delivered the narrative and anecdotes with great simplicity and national feeling; and, although to our mind not equal to "*Prince Charlie*," or "*A nicht wi' Burns*," "*Mary Queen of Scots*" possesses sufficient interest and beauty to attract his usual crowd of delighted hearers.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Metropolitan Drapers' Association.—We are advocates of every measure, whether arising from legislative wisdom, from individual self-denial, or even from hazardous agitation, calculated to lighten the labour and improve the condition of any class of our fellow-creatures. Entertaining this feeling, we rejoice at the success which has attended the exertions of the Drapers' Association, formed with a view to the abridgment of the hours of business of the drapery and other trades in the metropolis. At a meeting in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday evening, numerous attended, Mr. Emerson Tennant, M.P., in the chair, the report read congratulated the members upon the results already obtained. The shops very generally throughout the metropolis were now closed at seven o'clock; and Manchester, Edinburgh, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool, Newcastle, and other large towns, were following the example. The association had awarded the prize of twenty guineas for the best essay on the abridgment of the hours of labour to Mr. T. Davies; and many thousand copies of it, as well as tracts and circulars on the same subject, had been widely distributed.

Several employers have taken honourable part in the furtherance of the objects of the association. Double diligence and increased attention on the part of the employed will, we trust, reward what may be considered their self-denial; although we have often thought, and Aunt Margery has more than once observed, that expense and trouble more than profit attend late-hour business. Aunt Margery also says that, morally, the trade will be benefited: there will not be the temptation a long evening of gas-light offers to substitute the faded for fresh goods, and to make up by glare what has fled from vision. Whether the morals or the intellectual condition of the drapers' assistants and others will be improved, rests with themselves. The evening resorts for them, either for good or evil, are nume-

rous; it is for themselves to choose: time will shew if their emancipation will prove to them a boon or bane.

The Halifax Maiden.—In the last *Quarterly Review* there appeared an account of the guillotine from its earliest invention, and accompanied by several woodcuts, shewing its various progressive forms. From an ancient map-book of English counties by Moll, published 1724, and surrounded by borders of local curiosities, we have had engraved the annexed perfect print of the first of these machines, the Halifax Maiden, the square stone foundations of which, by a curious coincidence, were only recently discovered on the Gallows Hill there.



- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| a The gibbet. | f The scaffold. |
| b The pulley by which the axe is drawn up. | g The pin to which the rope is tied that draws up the axe. |
| c The piece of wood wherein the axe is fixed. | h The ballist cutting the rope. |
| d The axe. | |
| e The malefactor, who lies to be beheaded. | |

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LEARNED (of course) as we are, our foreign correspondence sometimes troubles us, and we wonder why certain journals have been addressed, and more, why certain mss. have duly come to hand, the contents of which we cannot pick out. Now here is No. 1096 of *Danet Vestindisk*, &c., of Christiansted, St. Croix, over which we have puzzled to ascertain what in it concerns us or literature. There are assizes of bread, and announcements of parties about to leave, and who want to sell property, or pay

or receive debts. Then there is an advertisement—

"For sale at this Office
BLANKS."

And what these blanks are, we know not. Here is one more plain-spoken, though it is no concern of ours, and is certainly not the most correct English. We daresay, however, it would be understood at Christiansted:

"The Subscriber request the favor of all who have running accounts against him to render the same for adjustment at farthest to the 15th July, those who deals with him (per agreement) quarterly and annually, will receive their respective accounts to be examined, others who are in arrears for Months and Years (without agreement) must blame themselves, should no arrangement take place ere that time, if their accounts be handed to a Lawyer for collection."

"He beg to thank all those who have kindly favored him with their custom, and solicit a continuance of that favor.—WITTROO."

And we have an auctioneer offering the

"SUKKER PLANTAGEN

BETSEYS JEWELL,

med derunder drevne 130 AGR LAND, af Little Mount Pleasant."

Which we are sorry to add, was being disposed of under execution.

In conclusion, the obituary is as follows:

"ST. CROIX,

Christiansted (Monday), July 3, 1843.

Died at Becks Grove, on the 29th ult., at the advanced age of 80 years, SAMUEL BETTS, Esq., of Becks Grove, universally respected throughout his long life, and now universally regretted.

Earth to earth and dust to dust the pious priest hath said,

So we laid the earth above thee now, and seal'd thy narrow bed;

But thy spirit, brother, hath soar'd away among the faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find;

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

A second packet conveys to us No. 295 of *Verlingske Politiske og Avertissements*, &c. &c., from the most critical perusal of which we can gather nothing Literary Gazettish.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ACCOUNT OF FATHER MATHEW'S VOYAGE TO CHINA, AND HOW HE NEARLY BROKE THE PLEDGE THERE.

T'OTHER day, Father Mathew (God bless him!)

When green Erin from whisky he'd clear'd,

Heard a voice, in his conscience, address him—

"Holy Father! now don't be afeard!

Since the Spirits pernicious ye've lock'd up,

Ould Adam's pure drink waxes bound;

And in Ireland it's pride ye've so cock'd up

That hot water's more plenty nor could!

Now take my advice, Father Mathew!

From the skrimmage slip out of the way,

Ere Mister Bond Hughes can be at you,

Just you be traversing the say!

There's a temperance-ship bound for China

From Cove for a cargo of teas—

The weather it cannot be finer.

And, besides, ye'll convert the Chinese!"

The father embark'd, undaunted;

For next to the tale of his birth

He the fair land of China respected

Above all the countries on earth.

Though at startin' as brisk as a dandy,

When the ship 'gan to pitch and to roll,

He'd have righted his body with brandy,

But abstain'd—for the sake of his soul.

By the time he was half the seas over,

Of the water he'd had quite enough;

For he wasn't cut out for a rover,

And the waves were uncommonly rough:

Cried the crew, as the storm 'gan to gather,

"There's a Jonas on board!" with a curse.

"Tis the priest I pitch him over! Go, father,

Or surely 'tis we will fare worse!"

His reverence heard all without quakin',
And tipp'd them a wink like a charm,
Saying, "Spalpeens! ye're mighty mistaken
If ye think that the say'll do me harm!
If 'twas whisky, or maybe if porter,
To drown me ye then might succeed;
But 'twere mightily rum if pure water
With myself ever yet disagreed!"

These words did the say so astonish,
That it fell down as smooth as before,
And the priest did the sailors admonish,
Bekase that they drank and they swore!

The father no longer was nervous;
For China the ship scudded straight,
And the winds did such excellent service,
You'd have sworn that they blew for the Plate!

When he reach'd the Celestial dominions,
To our envoy he sent up his name,
Who'd a party of Chinese and Injens
Dining with him the day that he came.

Bould Pottinger axed him to dinner,
And whisper'd the saint, with a wink,
"You'll meet first-chop fellows in China,
But they're all of them devils to drink!"

The father, though shock'd, join'd the party,
For he thought the ambassador sham'd;
But the Johnnies he met were so hearty,
He soon found he hadn't been cramm'd.

As the bottle went round like a comet,
Sir Henry his reverence did squeeze,
And whisper'd, "Dear friend, don't shrink from it,
With the China's we must keep the peace!"

The father, alarm'd, said, "Excuse me!
Can't your excellence let me drink tea?
'Tis really too hard tuss to use me—
Please explain to them who I may be!"

When Sir Henry the Mandarin told,
They turn'd to the priest with a jeer,
And shouted, "Old sloe-leaf! you're soild;
We've exported the tea for the year!"

'Twas too much for the father to bear,—
When Sir Henry he fill'd up his glass,
"Now, ye savages, drink, and don't stare!
I challenge ye all, by the mass!"

The Chinamen cheer'd—when, amazed,
He woke, and caught sight of the token—
"Twas a dream, holy Mary be praised!
I'm in Cork, and the pledge is unbroken!"

B. B.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Montgomery Martin was in the first place appointed auditor, he has since been promoted to a higher office (treasurer), in the establishments of the Hongkong government. Greater emolument attaches to the treasurership.

New Musical Instrument.—A Mr. Evans is reported to have invented a new musical instrument of fine capacity as an organ: it was tried on Monday in the Hanover-Square Rooms; but we were not present, and have only heard that it appeared to be an ingenious contrivance.

Picture-smashing.—A sort of devil upon two sticks, of the name of Adams, in the National Gallery on Tuesday, after contemplating the Jupiter and Leda by Francisco Mola for some minutes, deliberately took up his crutch and knocked it to pieces. He was seized by the police, and carried before a magistrate, to whom he could give no reason for this outrage upon the heathen god (who, had he lived now, ought to be chief of the new Prussian Christian order of knights of the swan), nor why he cracked the beauteous Leda, as if she had been one of her own eggs.

Explosive Powder.—The *Globe* newspaper gives an account, on the testimony of a party in whom it places confidence, of a newly discovered explosive power of dreadful efficacy. It is described to be a chemical combination, perfectly safe for carriage, and capable of being aimed at its object, from the size of musket-bullets to that of cannon-balls or bomb-shells. It is further added, that works of immense strength are now erecting at Woolwich, by which it is to be tested, under the inspection of experienced officers.

King William's College, in the Isle of Man, was destroyed by fire on Sunday the 6th, be-

tween two and three o'clock in the morning. About sixty boys escaped in their night-clothes, happily without accident. The good old library collected by Bishop Wilson has been consumed.

On the Song of a Shirt, by a Needlewoman.

Work, work, stitch, stitch,
You'd wonder how cheap we do 'em;
But I think every gent as wears them shirts
Shoud' have a pin stuck in his bosom.

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(This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.)

1844.	h. m. s.	1844.	h. m. s.
Jan. 27 . .	12 12 57.8	Jan. 31 . .	12 13 41.0
28 . .	13 9 9	Feb. 1 . .	13 49.8
29 . .	13 21.1	2 . .	13 57.6
30 . .	13 31.5		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERRATA.—In p. 37 of our last No., by some error a line has been transposed from its proper place, and stands the 9th instead of the 8th from the bottom of the third column. As it occurs at the division of the word "somewhat" a single glance would detect the mistake. Page 42, last line of notice of Indian Portraits, for Mr. Lewis Dickinson read Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

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.. 1831	50	100	150	200	500	10
.. 1832	50	100	150	200	500	9
.. 1833	50	100	150	200	500	8
.. 1834	50	100	150	200	500	7
1st May, 1835	50	100	150	200	500	6
.. 1836	50	100	150	200	500	5
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The Soirée will be held at the Rooms of the Institute, No. 13 Group Street, Hanover Square, which will be opened for the reception of Company at Half-past Eight o'Clock.

The admissions will be confined exclusively to Members, and ladies only may be included in their regular Tickets of Membership, or who may receive the special invitation of the President and Council for that evening; and each Member and Visitor will be required to leave their Cards of Address with the Hall Porter on entering.

Members who have not yet received their Cards of Membership are requested to apply for them between the hours of Twelve and Four at the Committee Room, No. 4 Hanover Square, previous to the 24th instant, as, without the presentation of these at the door, no admissions can be granted.

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